



L I T E R A R Y *cavalcade*

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"Don't Fence Me In"

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A Photograph by Benham Cross

FEBRUARY, 1950 • VOLUME 2 • NUMBER 5

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OUR FRONT COVER



The basketball photo on our cover, shot by Bonham Cross of the *Minneapolis Morning Tribune*, is one of the exhibits in the photography show titled "The Exact Instant." Now on tour, the show attracted widespread attention on its original showing at the Museum of Modern Art

in New York City in the winter of 1949. The exhibition presents old as well as recent American photographs covering events and faces in 100 years of camera reporting—the trivial and tremendous, laughter as well as catastrophe. The 300 "Exact Instant" photographs were assembled by Edward Steichen, the famous photographer who directs the Museum of Modern Art's Department of Photography. The show will be seen at the Toledo Museum of Art, Toledo, Ohio, from April 3 to April 24. From June 5 to June 26 it will be on view at the California Palace of the Legion of Honor, San Francisco, Calif. Our cover photograph is reproduced through courtesy of the Museum of Modern Art, N. Y. C.

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The very next day, he would change Li Chang's whole life

Li Chang's Million

By HENRY GREGOR FELSEN

I DON'T know what comes to your mind when you think about China. Maybe you picture the way it looks on the map, or the wide dusty plains, or the great barren mountain ranges that have not yet been fully explored. Perhaps you think of the great swarms of people in the cities, or pig-tails, or the rickshas, or the temples, or the rivers that teem with houseboats. . . . I always think of little Li Chang.

I am Li Chang's American friend, but he doesn't know that. We never spoke, or even smiled, but I am his friend. I am sure he doesn't remember me, just as I am certain I will never forget him. Actually, I don't even know his name. I call him Li Chang because he must have a name, and I want to think of him as more than a small, anonymous boy in the great bazaar in Peiping—a boy whose life I planned to change.

I had flown in to Peiping on a marine transport plane, and

I was staying at the Grand Hotel de Pekin while the mechanics worked over a balky port motor. We wanted perfection out of that motor before we started back across the Pacific.

On the night I met Li Chang, I was bored with sightseeing, although Peiping is the most Chinese of all China's large cities, and is as Oriental as a Midwest county seat is American. I was tired of the grandeur of the Forbidden City, and fed up with the crush and noise of the Chinese City outside the Tartar wall. I decided to shop—always a stimulating and strenuous activity in China.

I left the hotel and chose a ricksha from the clamoring mob of boys that swept over me as soon as I went down the front steps. I told my boy to take me to the bazaar, and

settled back to enjoy the smooth ride.

As I was pulled to the bazaar, I felt that if I was not actually sitting on top of the world, I was only one step down. I had drawn my pay before flying to China, and had four hundred dollars in my pocket. Four hundred dollars American, but no less than two million dollars in the North China currency.

If there is a more wonderful feeling in this world than being in a strange, Oriental city, halfway around the world from home, with two million dollars in your pocket, I cannot imagine what it would be. True, it was two million in an inflated currency. Dinner cost two thousand dollars, gloves twenty-five thousand, a hotel room eighteen thousand a night, and a good camera went at three hundred thousand. But there is magic in the name and thought of a million dollars; no matter what the currency and despite inflation, my two million represented a small fortune. There were thousands of Chinese in Peiping who would have worked for me night and day for five years for that two million in gaudy bills.

It was a short ride to the bazaar, and when we arrived, I gave my boy the standard hundred dollars for the distance, ignored his cries for more, and went toward the archway that was the entrance to the bazaar.

As I went in, I was surrounded by the inevitable crowd of beggars holding out their hands and asking for money in voices that ranged from the most piteous cries to cheerful shouts. The healthy-looking little beggar boys, bold as flies, crowded closest, immodestly shouting, "i mao ch'ien!" (One dime

money). Others shouted in English, the usual cry being, "No momma, no poppa, no chow for t'ree day!" And one lad was crying, "No momma, no poppa, no flight pay!"

I waved them away, shouting the only Chinese expression of disapproval I knew—*pu hao*. I had been in China long enough to pass to the second stage of feeling about it. The first stage was one of shock and pity at the appalling poverty. The second, which I with my two million dollars enjoyed at the moment, was one of calloused indifference. I accepted starvation and misery as part of the scene, and thought no more about it. To me, all Chinese looked alike, and were either trying to beg or sell. As I walked into the bazaar, I don't think I even regarded them as human, but as a noisy, annoying, faceless mass. Two million dollars in one's pocket and a good meal in one's stomach can do that.

I wandered around the stalls for about two hours. I examined fur gloves and leather boots, Chinese musical instruments, kimonos, cameras, intricately carved canes, silverware, and silks. Whether or not I intended to make a purchase, I haggled loudly and vehemently, in the fashion Chinese approve in a buyer, feeling all the while the wonderful sense of opulence and power which the money in my pocket gave to me.

I enjoyed every moment of my slow progress, drinking in the strange Oriental atmosphere, listening to the shrill, singsong talk, examining curious carvings and handicrafts, and getting a particular satisfaction out of my blustering arguments over prices, which delighted the ever-present crowd of native on-lookers.

In the course of this aimless wandering, I suddenly turned down a small alley that was darker and quieter than the others. The lights overhead were less numerous, and noises fewer and softer. I was about to turn back to the clamor of the main line of stalls when my attention was caught by a shop at the very end of this little alley. There were furs exhibited in the window, and having heard that expensive furs could be had cheaply in Peiping, I went to investigate.

As I walked into the shop, a stout Chinese in a long black gown, and wearing a round black skullcap, rose to greet me. With several other men in the shop, he had been drinking tea at a small table. I indicated that I wished to examine the furs and he showed me a rack of finished coats.

I looked at the coats with a negligent—I will even say sneering air. I knew that a look of interest in any garment would cause its price to leap, and for that reason I handled the furs as though they were the shoddiest coats I had ever seen.

I looked at one a trifle longer than the others, and the bland Chinese who stood at my elbow spoke for the first time. "Ting hao," he said. "Very good."

"Pu hao," I grunted in reply. "Ting pu hao."

I was positive the old rascal could speak excellent English. Most of the Chinese merchants can, but they do better business with Americans if they pretend they know no English. "It's very badly made," I said to him, touching the coat.

"Very well made," the Chinese insisted, slipping his hands into the sleeves of his gown. "Most excellent workmanship."

I examined the garment carelessly. "Very bad," I said, just for the sake of argument. "See how badly it is sewn. The coat would be laughed at in America."

I looked up with a smirk still on my lips, hoping to discomfit the man. But he had moved, and when I looked up, I gazed into a pair of hurt, sad eyes.

Sitting across the room, behind a counter, unnoticed by me until this moment, sat a boy who looked to be no more than six or seven years of age. While the old men had been sitting around drinking tea, he had been working—and had not stopped until I had by word and action indicated my low opinion of the way the coat had been sewn.

For a moment I was completely off balance. I let the coat fall from my hand, and felt a sudden rush of shame.

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About the Author

The idea for "Li Chang's Million" came to Henry Felsen while he was in Peking with the Marines during the war. He had joined the Marine Corps in 1943, and after writing a column under the name of "Gunter Gherkin" for the USMC newspapers, he joined the staff of *Leatherneck Magazine*. He was sent overseas as a roving editor.

Mr. Felsen was born in 1916 in Brooklyn, New York. He attended schools in New York's Catskill Mountain country and was graduated from Erasmus Hall High School in Brooklyn. He next spent two years at the State University of Iowa, left when he was broke, and went to sea. He later returned to Iowa, married, and settled down to writing.

He cut his literary teeth writing fact detective stories, then became a staff writer for a group of Sunday school

magazines. Here he wrote everything from fiction to a boy-girl column. After eight months of this experience, he moved to New York to take his chances as a free-lance. He started by writing short stories for young people, switched to books, and in the next eighteen months managed to pound out nine books for young people. Two of them won Scholastic Gold Seal Awards. Then came his hitch in the Marines.

After the war, Mr. Felsen bought an old house in upstate New York, continued to write, and sold several more books for young people as well as adult short stories. His adult fiction has been published in *The American Mercury*, *Redbook*, *Woman's Day* and other magazines. At present, Mr. Felsen lives in West Des Moines, Iowa, with his wife and young son and daughter.

For the boy sat on a high stool, and before him on the counter were two squares of fur that he was sewing by hand. I walked over to him. With a small needle, he was making a line of stitches as tiny and even as could be done on any machine. It was his work I had criticized.

"Sorry, Junior," I said lightly. "I didn't mean to run down your work."

The boy looked at me in silence. He had the most hurt expression on his face I had ever caused anyone. I looked into his inky-black eyes, and noticed there were shadows under them. I noticed how his smooth little face already showed signs of the tired, resigned expression it was growing into. I noticed how his head and shoulders were already bent, and how, even when he rested, his back did not straighten. We stared at one another for a long minute—this child whose work I had sneered at and I—and then one of the men spoke to him and he bowed his head and his small fingers took up their slow, painstaking stitching again.

I TURNED and walked out of the shop. It was late, and the bazaar was closing. The long lines of stalls were boarded up and their owners were shuffling home. The lights were going out, and the beggars, sleeping on the sidewalk, hardly roused themselves to ask sleepily for alms as I went past. I hailed a dozing ricksha boy and rode back to the hotel. All I could see was the poverty and misery. The mystery, the romance, the spell of the Orient, had been smashed by the hurt look of a child.

I went up to my room and went to bed, but I couldn't sleep. I kept thinking of the boy and feeling him on my conscience. At an age when he should have been thinking of toys, and at an hour when he should have been in bed, he was sitting behind a counter on a high stool, stitching carefully and slowly, while the long hours and hard work stole the brightness from his eyes and the youth from his body.

I felt ashamed of the way I had acted, and I wanted him to know. I wanted to go back and tell him that it was all right, that his workmanship was the best I had ever seen, and not to feel bad. I wanted to tell him that he ought not to be working, but playing—I thought of him in terms of the children of his age I knew in the States, and how he should be playing as they were, and not bending over the monotonous stitching night after night. I wanted to do anything I could to help him, and suddenly it came to me.

I was so excited I rolled out of bed and paced the floor. It was too late to

night, but the next day, as soon as the bazaar opened, I would do it. I took my wallet, opened it, and counted out half the money. Tomorrow, although he did not know it, the little boy, little . . . Li Chang, I called him suddenly, little Li Chang would be a millionaire.

I almost shouted in my joy at that moment. I laughed, felt tears in my eyes, and thought about the look on Li Chang's face when I walked in and gave him a present of a million dollars. I didn't know what that million dollars could do for him. It wasn't a fortune. But it might be enough to rescue him from his dreary fate with that needle. It might buy him a few precious years of carefree childhood before it was gone and he would have to work again. Perhaps he could afford to become a boy again. I would ask the man. I would try to buy whatever happiness I could for the little boy I had hurt that night.

I went to sleep with a light heart, impatient for the morning.

I was awakened before dawn by a hand shaking me. It was the pilot of our plane, and he was completely dressed in flying clothes. "Come on, sleepy," he grinned, "get your clothes on. The mechs have fixed the motor and we have to be in the air at 0500. We're flying down to Tsingtao to pick up a colonel, and then it's back to Hawaii."

"But I can't leave now," I protested. "I have something important to do. I can't . . ."

The pilot looked at his watch. "A truck is calling for us in half an hour. You can buy that souvenir next trip. We'll be making this run again next month."

As we circled over Peiping, gaining altitude, I looked down on that great walled city and wondered if Li Chang were awake. In a few hours he would be returning to those tiny, never-ending stitches. Perhaps, because of my actions that night before, he would be beaten or treated harshly. If he remembered me at all, it would be as the cause of further sorrow. And I was a thousand feet above him, with his million dollars in my pocket. Next month, the pilot had said. Next trip, Li Chang would have his money.

We flew away from Peiping and from China. When we reached Hawaii, I was ordered back to the States. I have not returned to China since, and I doubt if I shall ever go again. And Li Chang's million went very quickly in this country.

I don't know what you think about when the talk gets around to what's wrong with China. Maybe you think about the lack of communications, or ancestor worship, or politics and civil war. I think of little Li Chang.

Fortune and the Beggar

A WRETCHED beggar, carrying a ragged old wallet, was creeping along from house to house. As he grumbled at his lot, he kept wondering that folks who were up to their throats in money should be always unsatisfied—that they should go so far as often to lose all they have, while unreasonably craving for new riches.

"Here, for instance," he says, "the former master of this house made himself enormously rich. But then, instead of stopping, and handing over his business, and spending the rest of his years in peace, he took to equipping ships for the sea. He expected to get mountains of gold; but the ships were smashed, and his treasures were swallowed by the waves. Instances of this are countless. And quite right, too. A man should use discretion."

At this moment Fortune suddenly appeared to the Beggar, and said, "Listen! I have long wished to help you. Here is a lot of ducats I have found. Hold out your wallet, and I will fill it with them; but only on this condition: All shall be gold that falls into the wallet; but if any of it falls out of the wallet to the ground, it shall all become dust. Consider this well. I shall keep strictly to my compact. Your wallet is old; don't overload it beyond its powers."

Our Beggar is almost too overjoyed to breathe. He scarcely feels the ground beneath his feet. He opens his wallet, and a golden stream of ducats is poured into it. The wallet soon becomes rather heavy.

"Is that enough?"

"Not yet."

"Isn't it cracking?"

"Never fear."

"Consider."

"Just a little more; just add a handful."

"There, it's full. Take care: the wallet is going to burst."

"Just a little bit more."

But at that moment the wallet split; the treasure fell through and turned to dust; and Fortune disappeared. The Beggar had nothing but his empty wallet, and remained as poor as before.

—Ivan A. Kriloff

Translated from the Russian; reprinted from *The Great Fables of All Nations*, selected by Manuel Komroff; published by Tudor Publishing Co.; copyright by Dial Press, Inc.

As a storyteller, Lincoln's reputation was legendary;

"I remember a good story when I hear it . . ." he said

LINCOLN



By CARL SANDBURG

Illustrated by William Hogarth

RESPECTABLE friends, who cared about reputations as gentlemen and scholars, took it as a little queer, a little like a "country Jake," beneath dignity, that Lincoln should carry with him the book *Joe Miller's Jests*, generally called Joe Miller's joke book. English puns, Irish bulls, Greek reparable, folk tales of Jews and Egyptians, brisk anecdotes, filled the book—more than a thousand, each with a serial number. No. 997 told of "the celebrated organist Abbe Vogler, once imitating a thunderstorm so well that for miles round all the milk turned sour." The Irishman was told of, who had been living in Scotland and was asked how he liked the country, replying, "I was sick all the time I was there, and if I had lived there till this time, I'd been dead a year ago." Lord Russell on the scaffold ready to have his head cut off, handed his watch to a bishop, with the remark, "Take this—it shows time; I am going into eternity and no longer need it." Another lord, owing many debts, was asked how he could sleep at night, and answered: "I sleep very well, but I wonder how my creditors can." A wounded officer on a bloody battlefield was howling with pain when another wounded officer nearby called to him: "What do you make such a noise for? Do you think nobody is killed but yourself?"

Such was some of the foolery in the book that Lincoln occasionally took out of his carpetbag and read aloud to other lawyers. Some had the pith and poignancy of the grave-digger in the play of *Hamlet*, one joke reading: "An Irishman going to be hanged, begged that the rope might be tied under his arms instead of round his neck; for, said Pat, I am so remarkably ticklish in the throat, that if tied there, I will certainly kill myself with laughing." Or again Joke No. 506, reading: "Lieutenant Connolly, an Irishman in the service of the United States, during the American war, chanced to take three Hessian prisoners himself, without any assistance; being asked by the commander-in-chief how he had taken

them—I surrounded them," was the answer."

There were tales of the people. A traveler in Egypt said to a worker on the land: "I suppose you are quite happy now; the country looks like a garden and every village has its minaret." "God is great," replied the worker. "Our master gives with one hand and takes with two." Another traveler, reporting that he and his servant had made fifty wild Arabs run, said there was nothing surprising about it. "We ran and they ran after us." And again and again little tales of the people, the people. Into the street before Dean Swift's deanery came "a great rabble," waiting "to see the eclipse." And Dean Swift had the big bell rung, and a crier bawling: "O Yes, O Yes, all manner of persons here concerned take notice the eclipse be put off till tomorrow this time! So God save the King and his Reverence the dean." And the rabble went away, all but one Irishman who said he would stay because "the dean might change his mind and have the eclipse that day after all."

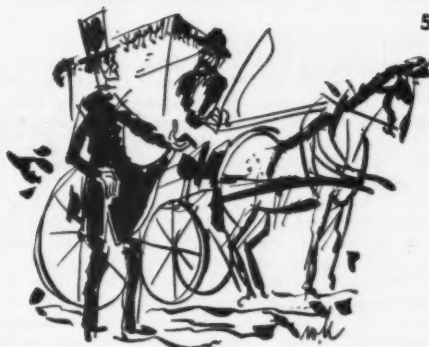
Thus Joe Miller's jests. They were a nourishing company to Lincoln. Once in a while he told a story that seemed to have been made over from Joe Miller and placed in Indiana. In his lighter moods his humors matched with the Rabelais definition, "a certain jollity of mind, pickled in the scorn of fortune."

He told of the long-legged boy



LITERARY CAVALCADE

the Laughing President



"sparking" a farmer's daughter when the hostile farmer came in with a shotgun; the boy jumped through a window, and running across the cabbage patch scared up a rabbit; in about two leaps the boy caught up with the rabbit, kicked it high in the air, and grunted, "Git out of the road and let somebody run that knows how." He told of a Kentucky horse sale where a small boy was riding a fine horse to show off points, when a man whispered to the boy, "Look here, boy, hain't that horse got the splints?" and the boy answered: "Mister, I don't know what the splints is, but if it's good for him, he has got it; if it ain't good for him, he ain't got it."

Riding to Lewiston an old acquaintance, a weather-beaten farmer, spoke of going to law with his next neighbor. "Been a neighbor of yours for long?" "Nigh onto fifteen years." "Part of the time you get along all right, don't you?" "I reckon we do." "Well, see this horse of mine? I sometimes get out of patience with him. But I know his faults; he does fairly well as horses go; it might take me a long time to get used to some other horse's faults: for all horses have faults."

The instant dignity became bogus his eye caught it. He enjoyed such anecdotes as the one of a Brown County, Indiana, man who killed a neighbor's dog, and the proof of guilt was clear. The defendant's attorney cleared his throat and began a speech, "May it please the court, we are proud to live in a land where justice is administered to the king on the throne and the beggar on his dung-hill." The squire then interrupted, "You may go ahead with your speech, but the case *are* decided."

Little folk tales and snatches of odd wisdom known to common people of the ancient kingdoms of the Persians and the Arabians, came to be known among the common people of the farm-

ing districts in Illinois, hitched up somehow to Abe Lincoln. When a story or saying had a certain color or smack, it would often be tagged as coming from Lincoln. He had said to a book agent, "For those who like that kind of a book, that's the kind of a book they'll like." He was the man walking along a dusty road when a stranger driving a buggy came along. And he asked the stranger, "Will you be so good as to take my overcoat to town for me?" And the man in the buggy said he would: "But how will you get your overcoat back again?" "Oh, that's easy! I'm going to stay right inside of it." And of course, said some jokers, it was Abe Lincoln who first told a hotel waiter, "Say, if this is coffee, then please bring me some tea, but if this is tea, please bring me some coffee." And on Abe Lincoln was laid the remark, after tasting ice cream, "Say, waiter, I don't want to slander this hotel, but this here pudding's froze."

He had come out of a slushy snow into a courtroom to try a case and sat down to dry his feet at the stove. The words of the lawyer arguing against him came to his ears. All of a sudden he was in the middle of the courtroom, one shoe off, calling: "Now, judge, that isn't fair. I'm not going to have this jury all fuddled up."

Did he not say when he met a man somewhat matching his own height, "Well, you're up some"—had they not

seen how the clay of the earth clung to him? Before posing for a photographer, he stepped into a barber shop, saying, "I better get my hair slicked up." Then, sitting before the camera, he ran his fingers through his hair, caught himself, and said, "Guess I've made a bird's nest of it again." It was he who agreed to make a horse trade, sight unseen, with a judge. First came the judge the next morning with a broken-down bone-rack of a horse; then came Lincoln carrying a wooden sawhorse on his shoulders, saying, "Well, judge, this is the first time I ever got the worst of it in a horse trade."

A walking, stalking library of stories he was. Some of them could have had musical accompaniments from barn-dance fiddles. The prize story tellers of one neighborhood and another had met him and they had competed. "That reminds me." "That's like the feller down at Goose Holler." And occasionally was one with a shine of many cross-lights in it. Lincoln told of a balloonist going up in New Orleans, sailing for hours, and dropping his parachute over a cotton field. The gang of Negroes picking cotton saw a man coming down from the sky in blue silk, in silver spangles, wearing golden slippers. They ran—all but one old timer who had the rheumatism and couldn't get away. He waited till the balloonist hit the ground and walked toward him. Then he mumbled: "Howdy, Massa Jesus. How's you' Pa?"

Lincoln had stood with two umbrellas at an imaginary rat hole, impersonating Sam'l, the Quaker boy whose father wanted to stop the boy's using swear words. The two umbrellas were blacksmith tongs. Sam'l's father had said, "Now, Sam'l, thee will sit here until thee has a rat. If I hear thee swear, thee will sit here till thee has another." And Sam'l had sat there for



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hours, snipping the tongs a few times, but no rat caught. At last one came out from the rate hole, the whiskers peeping up, then the black nose, and the eyes blinking. And the two umbrellas tongs snapped together in a flash. And Sam'l let fly a curse as he yelled, "I have thee at last!" And Lincoln with a shaking, swaying frame let out a squeal and stood holding an imaginary wriggling rat between the two umbrellas. He had told this in Illinois towns during the debates with Douglas. And Robert R. Hitt, the phonographic reporter, said he forgot himself and politics and business and nearly believed there was a live squeaking rat caught between the two umbrellas. For a roomful of men in a hotel, Lincoln would perform this drama of Sam'l, Sam'l's father, and the rat, acting subtly the roles of the earnest father, the obstreperous boy, and the furtive rat.

He picked up comedy, as he met it, and passed it on to others. In Cumberland County, one Dr. Hamburger, a Democrat, forced his way to the front to reply to Lincoln's speech. As Hamburger worked into a frothy and threatening speech, a little man with a limp came over to Lincoln and said: "Don't mind him. I know him! I live here! I'll take care of him. Watch me." And he took the platform, and replying brought from Hamburger the cry, "That's a lie." To which the little man with the limp called out with high defiance, "Never mind, I'll take that from you—yes, I'll take anything from you, except your pills." At the mention of pills, the doctor snorted, "You scoundrel, you know I've quit practicing medicine." And the little man dropped down on the knee of his best leg, raised his hands toward the sky in thankfulness, and shouted, "Then, thank God! The country is safe."

Plato, the Kane County lawyer, had told him a story about a man who had beaten a dog to death and was in such a rage that he would go out of the house and again beat the dog to death. When Plato came one day to Lincoln's office in Springfield, Lincoln's greeting was, "Well, Plato, have you got that dog killed yet?"

A family in Indiana, according to Lincoln, picked dandelion tops or other leaves and boiled "greens" for dinner in the spring and early summer. Once after a mess of greens the whole family went out of commission. After that when they had greens a big helping would first be forked out for Zerah, a half-wit boy, as the family said: "Try it on Zerah. If he stands it, it won't hurt the rest of us." And a man had a horse that would balk and settle

down on all four legs like a bird dog. He traded off the horse as good for hunting birds. As the horse crossed a creek he settled down in the middle of it like a bird dog and the man who had owned him called to the new rider: "Ride him! Ride him! He's as good for fish as he is for birds."

People looked at Lincoln, searching his face, thinking about his words and ways, ready to believe he was a Great Man. Then he would spill over with a joke or tell of some new horse-play of wit or humor in the next county. The barriers tumbled. He was again a strange friend, a neighbor, a friendly stranger, no far-off Great Man at all. "His face," Moncure D. Conway noted, "had a battered and bronzed look, without being hard." He fitted the measurements, "three parts sublime to one grotesque."

A crowd was bubbling with mirth in an Ohio town as a short friend stood alongside Lincoln to introduce him. Lincoln, pointing at himself, said, "This is the long of it," and putting an arm on the friend's shoulder, "and this is the short of it."

Joe Fifer, an eighteen-year-old corn husker, heard Lincoln at Bloomington after Swett made the opening address. "When Lincoln was starting to speak," Fifer noticed, "some men near me said Lincoln was no great shakes as a public speaker and Swett would make a better showing against Douglas. But when Lincoln got to going they listened; they stood still without moving out of their foot tracks. Lincoln looked out on a wall of faces still as if they had been made of stone."

The Springfield doctor, William Jayne, trying to fathom why Lincoln had carried the crowds with him usually in debating with Douglas, said: "Everybody thinks he is honest and

believes what he says. If he was really a great man, or if people regarded him as a great man, he could not do half so much."

He was the man who had started a little circle of people to giggling one morning in Judge Davis's courtroom, and the judge sputtered out: "I am not going to stand this any longer, Mr. Lincoln. You're always disturbing this court with your tomfoolery." The fine was \$5.00, for disorderly conduct. Lincoln sat with his hand over his mouth trying to keep his face straight. Later the judge called Lawrence Weldon to him and Weldon whispered into his ear what it was that Lincoln had told. Then the judge giggled. Getting his face straight, he announced, "The clerk may remit Mr. Lincoln's fine."

He could speak of So-and-So as "a quiet, orderly, faithful man." And he could hand a bottle to a baldheaded man he wished to get rid of, with the remarks: "Try this stuff for your hair. Keep it up. They say it will grow hair on a pumpkin. Come back in ten months and tell me how it works." When it was intimated to him that he was consulting too much with Judge Davis, he told of a New Hampshire judge who said: "The only time the chief judge ever consulted was at the close of a long day's session, when he turned and whispered, 'Don't your back ache?'" He liked to tell of the strict judge of whom it was said: "He would hang a man for blowing his nose in the street, but he would quash the indictment if it failed to specify which hand he blew it with."

When he presented Coles County relatives with a sad-faced photograph of himself, he said, "This is not a very good-looking picture, but it's the best that could be produced from the poor subject."

About the Author

Born in Galesburg, Ill., in 1878, the son of Swedish immigrant parents, Carl Sandburg was forced to leave school at thirteen. A husky lad, he worked at everything from harvesting to house-painting.

The Spanish-American War indirectly changed Sandburg's whole life. One of his comrades was a college student from Lombard College, in Galesburg. He persuaded Sandburg to go there, too, and Sandburg's poetry attracted the attention of one of the professors, who encouraged his writing—even paying for the publication of Sandburg's first volume of poetry.

After college, Sandburg got a newspaper job in Milwaukee and married the sister of Edward Steichen, the famous photographer. They have three daughters.

In 1912 he went to Chicago, where he became an editorial writer for the *Chicago Daily News*. In the meantime his reputation as a poet soared.

From his early youth Sandburg had dreamed of the Abraham Lincoln legend. For thirty years he collected material on Lincoln, and the writing of his six-volume biography of Lincoln, which took fifteen years, became the high point of Sandburg's career.

The volumes of intensely lyric poetry, the monumental biography, the quaint stories for children, and his recent huge novel, *Remembrance Rock*—these make up the sum of Sandburg's work. A large man, friendly, full of faith in the promise of America, Sandburg is himself, in symbol, the great, sprawling, massive, rich Middle-West.

By HARLAN WARE

Illustrated by Glen Fleischmann

A Good Clean-Cut American Boy

FOR several months before our trouble began George would yawn when Dad asked him a question. Where's your report card? Have you mowed the lawn? What made you so late? Yawn. Sometimes he'd delicately cover his lips with his big soiled fingers; other times he wouldn't. Dad was getting pretty irritated with him.

The night the trouble actually started he was scratching his leg and yawning and squirming around in his chair.

"I think I'll sleep in the tree tonight," he said.

Dad was reading, mother knitting, and I was lying on my stomach under the floor lamp thumbing through a comic book.

George got up, still scratching.

"Poison ivy?" Dad asked, without looking up.

George just grinned, shook his pant-leg straight, and ambled over and kissed Mother good-night. He gave me a nudge with his toe and said, "Good-night, Eddie, old bean, old bean," in his high thin voice. George was a soprano in the children's choir at St. Stephens' and spent two nights a week practicing at the Parish House but it was worth it because he could go on hikes with the Vestry.

"Phil," Mother said. "See that he gets up in the tree all right."

George let the screen door slam and put his forehead against it, looking in.

"Jeepers!" he said. "I climb the tree forty million times a day. Nobody has to tuck me in. Jeepers."

"It's dark out there," Mother said, still knitting. "He might slip. If somebody doesn't watch 'til his light goes out I wake up and worry in the night."

Dad put down his paper, lit the stub end of his cigar and sighed the way men do when women are nervous. I went out with him.

There was a bare overhead bulb in the tree house and George's arms made queer darting shadows across the lawn. He was singing "Come All Ye Faithful" in his high beautiful voice—just softly, absent-mindedly, you know: It was a sweet sound in the night with the

crickets chirping and the whole street quiet. He snapped off his light.

Then it happened.

A deep baritone voice came out of the leaves.

"Good-night, Dad," the voice said. "Good-night, Eddie!"

I could feel Dad stiffen. He threw away his cigar and ran to the screen door.

"Vivian!" he cried. "Come out here!"

Mother was afraid George had broken his elbow again and came at a trot.

"What is it? What's happened?"

"S-h-h-h," Dad whispered. "Say good-night to George."

"I did. I kissed him."

"Never mind, Vivian. Say something now."

Tremulously, Mother said:

"Night, Georgie!"

The heavy voice came out of the leaves again.

"Night, Mom."

Mother rested her head against Dad's chest and began to weep. "Oh, Philip! Oh, no!" We could hear George clearing his throat up there in the darkness above us.

"Isn't that something?" Dad said. "I'll be darned! I never knew it to happen between one word and the next. Well, what d'you know!"

Then the voice that came out of the leaves was the same old soprano.

"What're you people talking about?" George asked, sleepily.

"Never mind," Dad said. "Never mind, son. Good-night."

That was the exact beginning of the trouble, though nobody realized it then. I went into the house bubbling with questions but all their answers seemed rather vague. George's voice was changing, that was all. George was growing up.

"Gosh, I wish mine would change," I said.

"Don't say such things, Eddie!" Mother cried. "It'll be years yet. Three or four years."

After I got in bed I lay awake for a long time thinking it over. I could hardly wait for morning to hear that voice again. George was three years older and I'd lived my life in a breath-

less hurry, trying to catch up. But that night the pressure was off. There was no point wearing myself out, I could see. George was out in front.

When he came down the next morning he was aware of the voice himself and, though he couldn't depend on it, the deeper notes pleased him so much that he talked all the time. If he cracked into a higher register he just cleared his throat and went on. It seemed to me we lived through an interminable period when you couldn't hear anything but the sound of George talking; he began to tell Mother how to organize her housework and he explained to Dad how to get more efficiency down at the store.

Now, looking back, I know there's nothing more infuriating to an adult than the lordly condescension of a gangling adolescent. But then I couldn't begin to understand what was happening in the household. We had been what Mother called a closely knit family but after George's voice changed we started to fray loose at the ends.

George broke things—plates and bric-a-brac and the arms of chairs, everything he touched. And he couldn't take criticism; at the slightest reprimand he'd fold his arms across his chest and look pained and bored.

"Did you hear me?" Dad would yell at him. "Have I reached your mind?"

George stopped calling the folks "Dad" and "Mom"; they became Father and Mother; he treated them with a distant sort of dignity and every now and then Dad would blow his top.

Once, when George explained the law of supply and demand we thought Dad was going to have an apoplectic stroke. He hammered both fists on the dinner table and got up and raced around the room, shaking his finger at George, trying to tell him he had the whole thing wrong. George just yawned. And when George said naturally he was going to work for socialism or communism or a new world order as soon as he was twenty-one Dad got a nose-bleed and Mother had to take him to the bathroom and hold a cold wet towel on the back of his neck. I heard some of the conversation from the alcove in the hall.

"I can't reach his *mind*!" Dad groaned. "I'll just have to *hit* him."

"This is the sort of attitude that starts wars," Mother said. "Hold your head down, Philip. Philip Warren, aren't you ashamed!"

He was ashamed all right because when he came back to the dining room he treated George with exaggerated courtesy—only George accepted it literally and gave us quite a talk on the dangers of hypertension, with a lot of medical information which Dad said any doctor could tell him he had all wrong.

A year or so went by in there, a year where even I had hypertension.

Then George became a loud-mouth. There is no kinder way to say it. He became a loud-mouth in cafeterias, at church, at the movies and out in the car.

"Louder, dear old boy," Dad would say when George's voice had topped all the clatter in the Y.W.C.A. cafeteria where we ate Thursday nights. "Speak up, son. Let people hear you. You're too modest."

Then George would look pained. He'd sit with his arms tightly folded across his chest and refuse to eat.

Once I heard Dad say:

"I can't even bear to look at him."

Mother caught her breath.

"Philip Warren, shame on you!"

By then, you see, his complexion was gone. When he'd been in the choir women talked about his beautiful complexion and only wished they had it, but now there were days at a time when George didn't look wholesome. Women at the church, and even the neighbors, seemed to avoid him; he'd approach groups of people and the groups would just dissolve.

I avoided him, myself.

He was fifteen, I suppose, when Wyatt Emerson moved into the house next door and Dad began to wish he had Wyatt for a son, instead of George.

Wyatt was a tall, slim, handsome boy, about nineteen; he was a sophomore in City College, and he had a pleasant, easy way about him. A good, clean-cut American boy, Dad said. He had *manners*, which was more than you could say for some people. The night the Emersons moved in Dad came to the table more cheerful than he'd been in a long time.

"Mr. and Mrs. Emerson are mighty nice folks," he glowed. "And, Vivian, have you met their son?"

"Yes, indeed!" Mother said with enthusiasm. "Isn't he polite, though?"

"A good, clean-cut American boy."

They looked at George who was eating with both elbows on the table, one hand at his forehead, scooping up his dinner with the other.

"George!"

George put his fork down and folded his arms across his chest.

"If we only had a mirror in here," Mother exclaimed.

"Don't waste your breath, Vivian. He'll still be eating that way when he's forty-five."

We went through the meal in silence until dessert when Wyatt Emerson came over to borrow a hammer.

He wore a letterman sweater. His ash-blond hair was trimmed above his ears. His pants were neat. His shoes were shined. Dad got up and bowed to him. When George was introduced he just grinned at Wyatt foolishly and didn't even get up. Wyatt said all the right things, put everybody at ease and brought the hammer back in fifteen minutes.

"Ye gods!" Dad said, taking out his wallet. "George, listen to me. Tomorrow buy yourself some clothes and for gosh sake get a haircut. George! Wake up!"

"Very well," George said. "I'll go. I'll move out. I'm just in the way here."

In the living room afterward I saw Dad watching him disgustedly around the corner of his newspaper. George had six or seven long whiskers on his chin. His big wrists hung below his sleeves and his shirt was dirty. He sprawled on the davenport looking bitterly at the ceiling, not even blinking his eyes.

"Wake up!" bellowed Dad suddenly.

Mother came racing in from the kitchen and took Dad to their bedroom for a long talk.

I CAN remember sitting there studying George curiously as if he were a stranger. I noticed that his nails weren't clean, either. Nobody could get him to clean his nails.

"Alaska. A lotta clean snow and big white silences and dog teams."

"What?" I said.

"That's the place for me, Eddie. There must still be gold in Alaska. I gotta have tons of gold."

"What for?"

"Nothing but gold will impress the Philistines of this world," he said.

He didn't move out, or go to Alaska, of course. It was that night, or a little later, that I learned he was now in love. I knew before anybody else that the girl's name was Linda because I began to find poems in his room. They were sonnets about spring weather and they were all dedicated to Linda. Sometime along in there he began reading them to me. He'd come into my room, brushing his long oiled hair from his forehead with the back of his hand and chant me something about sweet blue eyes and deep blue skies and meadow-larks and spring.

"Linda who?" I asked.

"Never mind, Eddie."

"What's she like?"

"The finest little woman this side of heaven," he said, and it turned my stomach.

Then something went wrong and he went into a decline for a while. I asked him about it and he said:

"Do you think I'm noisy?"

"I sure do."

He sighed heavily.

"A woman talks to one man, looks at a second, and thinks of a third," he said. "That's from *The String of Pearls*."

"What're you talking about?"

"Never mind, Eddie," he said, patting me on the head. "You wouldn't understand." Then he looked at me with compassion. "I hate to see you grow up, boy."

"I don't want to much, myself," I said, because I was beginning to worry about it, and spent long moments at the bathroom mirror looking for my vocal chords, wondering if any change was taking place.

Then, he began to write poems about death. They were called *The Grim Reaper* or *The Mechanistic Universe* or *Immeasurable Endless Silence* Amid the Stars and they scared me pretty badly. Mother told him not to read me any more of them. She said the wise thing to do with me was just leave me alone.

He would disappear right after dinner and come back about bed-time with his eyes bright and his cheeks flushed.

"Would you kindly tell me where you go after dinner?" Dad asked him, keeping a grip on himself.

"It is regrettable," George said, "if a man in this day and age can't take a long walk and think."

"Think about what?"

George looked pained.

"I think about the infinite mystery of the stars," he said.

Dad began to shout.

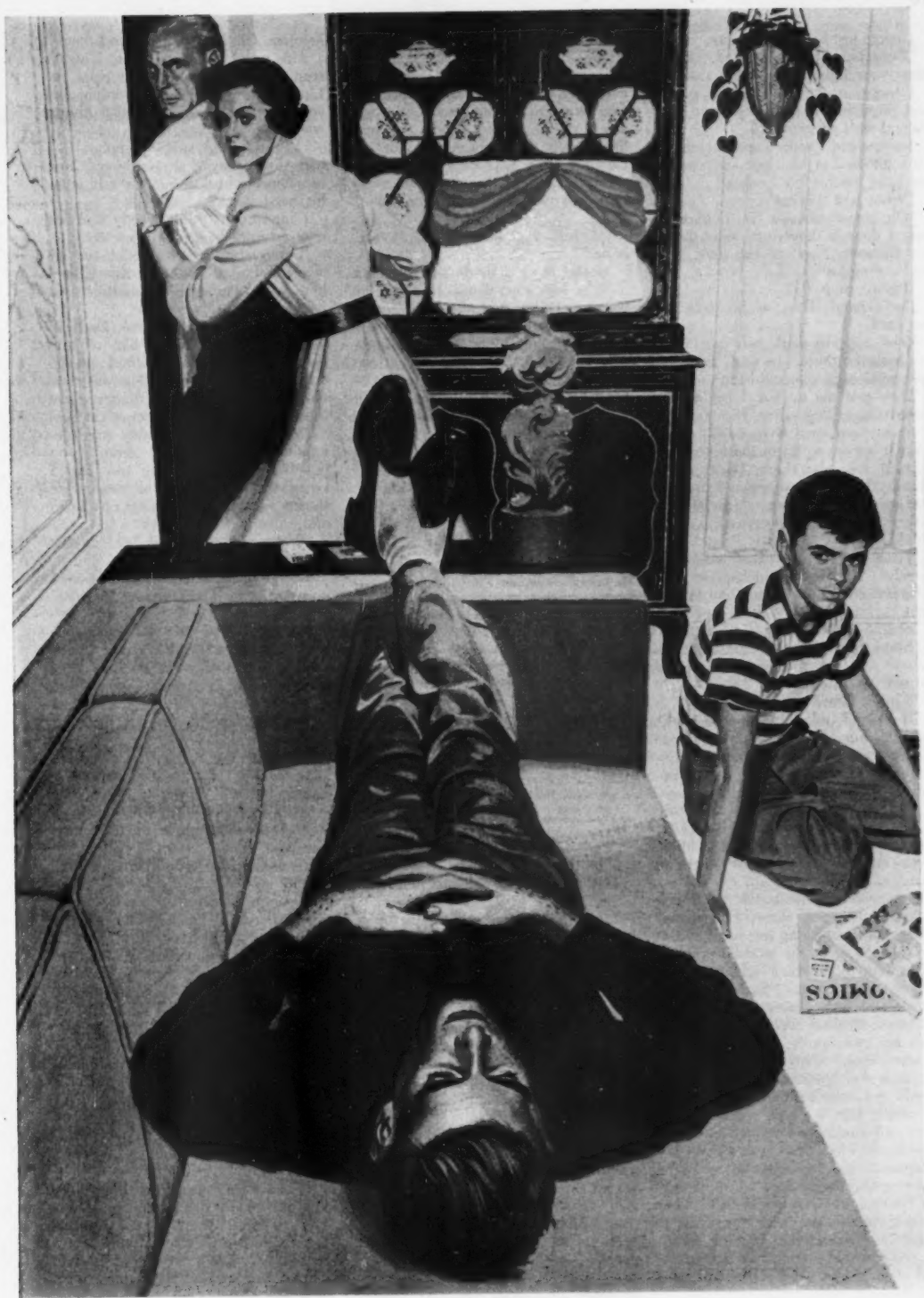
"I'll bet you a hat Wyatt Emerson doesn't wander around in a daze thinking about the infinite mystery of the stars! If you'll look over at Emersons' you'll find him *studying*. He doesn't waste a *minute*. He showed me his report card this evening. All A's."

George squinted his eyes and hunched his shoulders as if the very name of Wyatt Emerson grated on his nerves.

"By the way," Dad said, after Mother had calmed him down, "where's your report card? I haven't seen it this quarter."

Illustration on facing page:

George sprawled on the davenport, looking at the ceiling bitterly . . .



George just kept on standing.
 "George," Mother begged. "Please show your father your report card."

George reached in his hip pocket and brought it out, dog-eared and stained with perspiration.

Mother and I waited apprehensively. Dad stiffened in his chair and slapped his hand against his forehead.

"What is it, Philip?"

"Oh, heaven help us. Oh, Lord, what have I done to deserve it? Why should Joe Emerson have all the luck. He's just a druggist!"

"Philip! Stop that."

Dad's hand shook as he gave her the card.

"The highest mark he's got is D in physical culture," he said, fixing his eyes on George who still hadn't moved.

They sent me to bed. I could hear them talking long after Wyatt's light went out next door. Even in the night, when I got up to go to the bathroom, I could still hear them. I was going sleepily down the hall when I realized Dad and Mother were whispering together out on the sleeping porch. I didn't hurry.

"I tell you, Vivian," Dad whispered fiercely. "We need a *psychiatrist*! This is no ordinary adolescence. George isn't right in the head!"

"Shame on you, Philip!"

"Stupidity and condescension. If he weren't so stupid I could stand his patronizing attitude—"

"S-h-h-h. You'll wake him up."

"If I could wake him up. If I could reach his mind."

They murmured a while longer.

And then with a chill running up and down my spine, I heard Dad say:

"Let me tell you this, Vivian—if this is adolescence—I warn you, I won't go through it again. The first time Eddie's voice cracks—bang, off he goes to boarding school."

I staggered back to bed with my fingers clutching my throat. I lay awake for an hour massaging my vocal cords. The last thing in the world I wanted was to go to boarding school. I was happy where I was. I had a gang, a dozen ambitious, inventive small-fry, and most of them were dearer to me than my own family.

After that, when it seemed that my fate was hanging by the slender thread of George's popularity, I shined his shoes, kept a check on his wardrobe, and pretended I wanted to watch him shave. Then there was a new development. He suddenly became six-foot-two and fell asleep all the time. He became inert. I would wake him up and rough-house with him when I heard Dad coming but nothing could be done to make him more attractive and even Mother was sharp with him sometimes.

And then, one summer night, a strange man came to the door and asked to see Dad. There was special cordiality in Dad's greeting which was fascinating to behold; but I was banished to the study. When the man finally left, Dad raced upstairs to George's room two steps at a time. I was probably in the alcove when he came out with a long white rope ladder.

"Vivian!" he yelled down. "Where is he?"

Mother came to the foot of the stairs.

"I let him go walking. He's just out walking, Philip. I'm sure he is."

"Look at this," shouted Dad, dangling the rope ladder. "Do you know who that was calling on me? That was Avery Griffin, president of the bank—he holds the note on the store. That was Avery Griffin who was just here! Avery Griffin, Vivian."

About the Author . . .

● Harlan Ware attended New Trier H.S., Kenilworth, Ill., and left in his senior year without a diploma, having flunked freshman algebra eight times. He became a reporter in Chicago, worked for a magazine, then as promotion manager for a hotel. When his stories began to appear with reassuring regularity, he moved to California and became a free lance writer. He has written short stories, serials, screen plays, radio plays, and a novel, *The Wonderful Mrs. Ingram*. He is married and the father of three children. The tree incident which opens the story really happened to his son Richard, now 21, but it took his father a few years to work out a story to go with the miracle.

"Philip! Oh, dear. George hasn't robbed the bank?"

Dad collapsed on the stairs, his head in his hands.

"He hasn't brains enough to rob a bank," he said.

Mother came and sat beside him. Dad was breathing hard.

"Avery has a daughter named Doreen. It seems George walks up and down past their house all night and the neighbors' dogs bark."

Mother began to laugh hysterically.

"Oh, Philip, darling! I thought it was something dreadful."

"Something dreadful?" Dad belatedly. "Isn't this dreadful enough for you? He's giving Avery the screaming meemies at the very time I've got to get an extension on the note. And Vivian. Listen—you know what the idiot does, walking up and down in his hard heels on the sidewalk? He composes poems! Yes. Twice they've found him asleep on the porch with little pieces of paper all around him. Oh, heaven

help me. Oh, Lord, what have I done?"

This was fascinating to me. I hadn't read any of George's poems since the Linda period and some wisdom beyond my years told me that things were getting serious.

"Vivian," Dad said solemnly, "if I had the money that kid would land in military school so fast it would make his head swim."

I interpreted this correctly and felt relieved until I heard Mother say:

"Surely, business will be better by next fall, Philip. Maybe we should send him away. Perhaps it would be best for George, too."

A little later Mother took Dad out into the garden to cool him off and they were astonished to find George asleep in the hammock. He was over on his side with one leg dragging and there was a beautiful smile on his face.

"Why, look, Phil," Mother cried delightedly. "His nails are clean."

I was behind the oak tree and I yearned to mention that his shoes were shined also, but something restrained me.

"Wake up!" Dad said, shaking the hammock.

George opened his eyes and listened groaning with boredom to a long lecture.

"George," Dad said finally, squatting beside him. "Don't you see? You're making an ass of yourself over a girl who probably is just as scatterwitted as you are!"

George got to his feet and held up one hand.

"That will do, Father," he said with quiet dignity. "You are speaking of the woman I love."

"That settles it," Dad said, stamping his foot. "He's no son of mine. I disinherit him."

He didn't exactly disinherit him but he did hire Wyatt Emerson to work in the store. Just having Wyatt around where he could look at him seemed to be soothing. He lost all interest in George and I remember that Mother was upset because it was so obvious that Dad thought more of the neighbor's boy than he did of his own.

It took her almost all summer but she finally persuaded him to hire George, too. Doreen was out of town and all George did was sit upstairs and write long air-mail letters.

"You've got to learn to cope with these things, Philip," Mother said, sternly. "Eddie's coming along, too, you know."

I was always overhearing things that made me quake with apprehension.

So Dad hired George and George gave out too much change, messed up the books, couldn't see things right in front of him, and delivered parcels to the wrong people. Dad stood it as long

as he could and then one night early in September he fired him. He did it at dinner.

"George," he said, breathing heavily, keeping a grip on himself, "just don't bother to come to the store tomorrow. Stay home and write poetry. Or go mow somebody's lawn. Or sleep. I don't care what you do but just don't ever again come anywhere near the store." George folded his arms across his chest.

"Father," he said, "if you'd only get some system into that business! It seems to me it would be a simple enough matter to organize it properly . . ."

That was when Mother let the blow fall.

"George," she said, brightly. "I just happen to have some boarding school catalogues in my desk. Why don't you look at them after dinner? Wouldn't it be fun to go away to school this month?"

"Me?"

"Yes, George. Wouldn't it?"

"That," said George, "would be against my most sacred principles, Mother. I believe profoundly in co-education and complete democracy in public high schools."

Dad put his knife and fork down, placed both hands firmly on the table and looked at George, half-rising from his chair. But then he collapsed.

"Too late," he said. "Nothing can be done."

There was an ominous silence. I glanced up to see his eyes falling speculatively on me.

"How's business, Dad?" I asked nervously.

With horror I detected a new note in my voice but nobody seemed to notice and I started to breathe again. Dad's face had brightened.

"Eddie, my boy," he said. "We had our biggest month in history in August. Wyatt's quite a salesman. If he weren't going back to school I'd raise him to thirty a week and keep him on."

I wasn't listening to him. Mother was now looking at me queerly.

"Like to glance over the catalogues, too, Eddie?" she asked.

At that moment the phone rang and George went to answer it. A few minutes later we saw him standing in the middle of the living room staring at the ceiling, in a daze.

"Who was it, Georgie?"

He came back into our world.

"Doreen's home," he glowed. "Doreen's just called me up. Her father and mother have said I could come over."

It wasn't what he said but the way he said it that ruined Dad's appetite. He pushed himself from the table.

"The catalogues, Vivian. Let me see those catalogues, myself."

I crept into a corner, watching him going busily through the catalogues, making notes on a pad. Even worried as I was it seemed to me, when George came back, in his blue coat and white flannel trousers and brown-and-white saddle shoes, that he didn't look too bad.

"George!" Mother cried. "Philip, look at George. How neat you look, dear." Dad looked at George's shoes.

"Wyatt tells me the country club crowd doesn't wear two-toned shoes any more," was all he said.

I thought Mother was going to cry. "Go somewhere, Eddie," she said, "run out and play. I want to have a talk with your father."

Lingering in the kitchen I heard her say, with passion:

"You crushed him, Philip. I think it's simply shocking. He knows you care more for Wyatt than you do for him." "Nonsense. He hasn't heard anything I've said since he was fourteen."

They were quarreling. I had never heard them quarrel so bitterly before.

MOTHER and Dad and I were having crackers and milk in the kitchen at eleven o'clock—they'd made up and we'd gone to the movies — when we heard a curious scratching at the back door and then footsteps moving around the house.

"Prowlers," whispered Mother.

"S-h-h-h." Dad held one finger to his lips and listened intently. The footsteps wandered around outside and then we heard someone stumbling across the front porch.

"Vivian, if he's come home intoxicated he can go to work for the county. If he's drunk, Vivian, they can put him on relief."

Then Dad opened the door.

Mr. Joseph Emerson. Wyatt's father, came in slowly, wearing the black alpaca jacket he used in the drugstore. He blinked around in the light. Then he spoke very carefully.

"Mrs. Warren," he said, "It would be a great, great favor to me if you would let me have six tablespoons of coffee."

Mother hurried to the kitchen and took me with her. When we came back Mr. Emerson was sitting in Dad's favorite chair with his head in his hands and Dad was saying in a voice rich with sympathy:

"What is it, Joe? Tell me, Joe. Maybe I can help."

Mr. Emerson lifted a stricken face.

"Nobody can help now, Phil," he said. "Oh, Phil—I don't know. I don't know what's the use! You work like a dog, you raise 'em, you worry about 'em, you try to steer 'em around the pitfalls, and then what? I've done everything in God's world to beat just

a minimum of common sense into his head. I've tried, Phil, God knows I've tried. But it's hopeless, that's all. Tonight's the night. He's done it this time. He's fixed us up, but good!"

"Why, Mr. Emerson. What's the matter?" Mother cried.

Dad's mouth was wide open but he wasn't saying anything.

"You might as well know," said Mr. Emerson, getting to his feet. "The whole town will know by morning. Mrs. Emerson and I were having dinner when the door opened and Wyatt—oh, the darn fool, oh, the fool!"

"Wyatt?" said Dad dazedly. "What about Wyatt?"

Mr. Emerson winced.

"He came wandering across the threshold with a scrawny little blonde in his arms. The darned fool's married."

Dad sat down.

"But who is she?" Mother asked.

"We don't know," wept Mr. Emerson. "He doesn't tell us anything. She's Elsie-somebody from downstate somewhere. We never even heard of her before. Why he can't support a wife." He took the glass of coffee from Mother's limp hand. "I tell you, I've had my hands full with that boy ever since he turned fourteen."

We all realized at the same moment that George had come in. He stood there with a flower in his buttonhole, a clean panama hat in his hand, looking scrubbed and intelligent.

"Pardon me," George said, politely. "Good-evening, Mr. Emerson. I came back to get my Robert Browning."

Mr. Emerson put his arm around George's shoulders and gave him a little hug.

"Come and see me sometime, George," he said pitifully. "Come and talk to me."

Then he weaved to the door, pausing to look after George who was going lightly up the stairs.

"Phil," Mr. Emerson said, solemnly. "You're a lucky guy. There, if I ever saw one, is a good, clean-cut American boy."

The door closed and he stumbled away down the steps.

While I didn't understand all that was happening my instincts were sound.

"Dad! Mother!" I cried desperately. "My voice isn't changing yet! I don't want to go away to school."

The emotion did it. It seemed to come from somewhere behind me, a loud, cracked baritone. I clutched my throat.

But they didn't notice.

"You don't have to, Eddie," Mother said gently. She was looking chidingly at Dad. His face was pretty red. "Philip Warren," she said, for the last time, "aren't you ashamed!"

In the Fog

MUSIC: *Down behind narration.*

NARRATOR: It is a dense, foggy night somewhere in Pennsylvania. An automobile feels its way slowly over the misty hills. Suddenly, a blur of swaying light swims before the driver's straining eyes. Dimly, the figures of two men materialize out of the darkness. Each carries a rifle under his arm. One wears a canteen slung over his shoulder. The other wears a tattered jacket that looks as if it once belonged to some kind of uniform. The men set themselves squarely in the path of the oncoming automobile; one lifts his lantern, while the other levels his rifle menacingly at the man behind the wheel.

MUSIC: *Out.*

SOUND: *Drone of automobile at low speed.*

EBEN (*Off . . . strangely*): Stop! In the name of mercy, stop!

ZEKE: Stop, or we'll shoot!

SOUND: *Grind of brakes . . . engine idles.*

DOCTOR (*More angry than afraid*): What—what do you men want?

ZEKE (*Coming on*): You don't have to be afraid, mister.

DOCTOR: I—I'm a doctor. Why?

ZEKE: A doctor, hey?

EBEN: Then you're the man we want.

ZEKE: He'll do proper, I'm thinkin'.

EBEN: So you'd better come out o' that thing, mister.

DOCTOR: You understand, don't you, that I'm not afraid of your guns. You may take anything of mine you like, but don't imagine for one moment that I'll be quiet about this to the authorities.

ZEKE: All right. But we're needin' a doctor right now.

DOCTOR: Oh, has anyone been hurt?

EBEN: It's for you to say if he's been hurt nigh to the finish.

ZEKE: So we're askin' ye to come along, doctor.

DOCTOR: Very well. If you'll let me get out of here.

SOUND: *Door opens . . . slams metallically.*

DOCTOR (*Interrogatively*): Well? Take me to your man. Where is he?

EBEN: Yonder.

ZEKE: Under the tree, where he fell. He's bad wounded, we're a-fearin'.

DOCTOR: I don't know you men, you know. Do you suppose I could have a better look at you?

ZEKE: Why not? (*Pause*) Raise yer lantern, Eben.

EBEN: Aye. (*Pause*)

DOCTOR (*Appalled . . . gasps*): Good Lord!

ZEKE (*Impassively*): That's Eben. I'm Zeke.

DOCTOR: But great heavens, man, what's happened! Has—has there been an accident or—or—or what? Your faces, streaked with dried blood. It's in your hair, in your beards! *What's happened?*

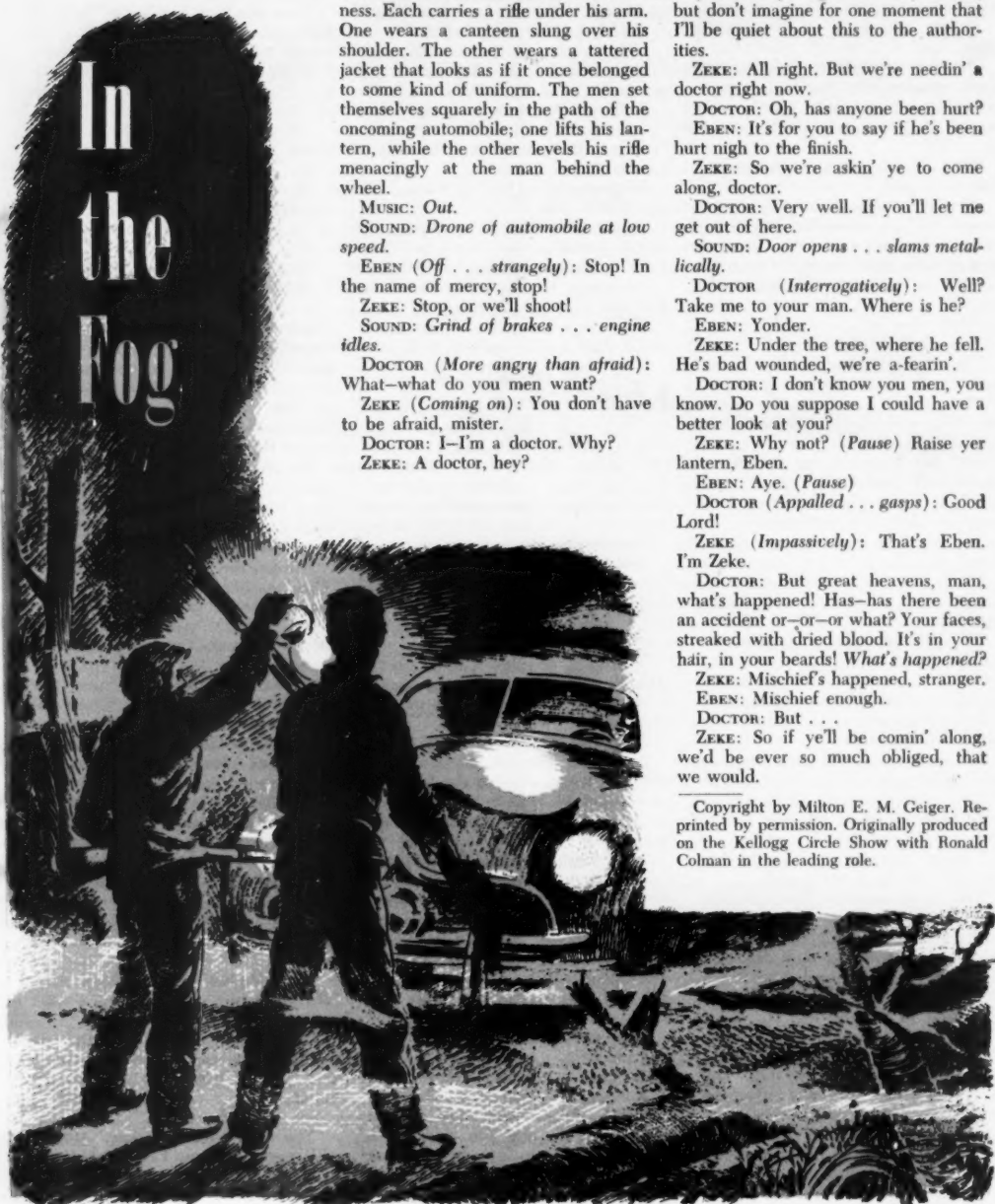
ZEKE: Mischief's happened, stranger.

EBEN: Mischief enough.

DOCTOR: But . . .

ZEKE: So if ye'll be comin' along, we'd be ever so much obliged, that we would.

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**There had been mischief there, mischief aplenty;
enough to last a good long while and a day**

By MILTON GEIGER

DOCTOR (Still shocked . . . low): Yes, yes, of course.

EBEN (Off a little): This way, doctor. Follow the lantern.

ZEKE (Ruminatingly): Mischief's happened, that's what. Enough to last these parts a good long while and a day.

DOCTOR: I don't like this. I don't like it at all!

ZEKE: Can't say we like it better'n you do. What must be, must. There's no changin' or goin' back, and all's left is the wishin' things were different.

DOCTOR: There's been gunplay!

ZEKE (Mildly bitter): Ye' tellin' us they's been gunplay.

DOCTOR: And I'm telling you that I'm not at all frightened. It's my duty to report this. And report it I will!

ZEKE (Casually sardonic): Aye, mister. You do that.

DOCTOR: You're arrogant about it now, yes! You don't think you'll be caught and dealt with. But people are losing patience with you men, you—you-moonshiners! Running wild, shooting up the countryside!

ZEKE (Up): Hear what he says, Eben, moonshiners!

EBEN (Off): Here we are. (Pause . . . on) And there's yer man, doctor.

ZEKE (Anxiously): He ain't stirred since we left 'im.

DOCTOR: All right, let's have that light, will you? (Pause) Closer. So.

EBEN: Like this?

DOCTOR: Yes. That's good. Now help me with his shirt, no, don't take it off; just tear it. Yes . . .

SOUND: Ripping of cloth, close on-mike.

DOCTOR: That's good. Now bring that lantern still closer and . . . (Deep breath . . . low) Dreadful, dreadful!

ZEKE: Reckon it's bad in the chest like that, heh?

DOCTOR: His pulse is positively racing! How long has he been like this?

ZEKE: A long time, mister. A long time.

DOCTOR: Well. (With decision) You! Hand me that bag! Hurry!

ZEKE (Tensely): Aye, captain.

SOUND: Rattle of bag.

DOCTOR: Open it!

SOUND: Rattle of instruments as bag is opened and rummaged through.

DOCTOR: All right, now lend me a hand with these retractors. Draw back on them when I tell you to. Hold it!

SOUND: Deep breathing, tensely . . . on-mike.

EBEN: How is he, mister?

DOCTOR: More retraction; pull back a bit more. Hold it!

EBEN: Bad, ain't he?

DOCTOR: Bad enough. But the bullet didn't touch any lung tissue so far as I can see right now. All I can do is plug the wound. I've never seen anything like it!

EBEN: Yer young. Lots o' things you never seen.

DOCTOR: Pass me that cotton, please.

EBEN (Humbly): Aye, doctor.

DOCTOR (Pause . . . deep breath): There. So much for that. Now, then, give me a hand here.

ZEKE (Suspiciously): What fer?

DOCTOR: We've got to move this man! We've got to get him to a hospital for treatment, a thorough cleansing of that wound, irrigation. I've done all I can for him here.

ZEKE: I reckon he'll be all right, 'thout no hospital.

DOCTOR: Do you realize how badly this man is hurt?

EBEN: He won't bleed to death, will he?

DOCTOR: I don't think so. Not with that plug in there. But . . .

ZEKE: All right then. (A dismissal) We're much obliged to ye.

DOCTOR: But I tell you that man is dangerously wounded!

ZEKE: Reckon he'll pull through, now, thanks be to you.

DOCTOR (Angrily): Well, I'm glad you feel that way about it! But I'm going to report this to the Pennsylvania state police at the first telephone station I come to!

ZEKE: We ain't stoppin' you, mister.

EBEN: The fog is liftin', Zeke. Better be done with this, say I.

ZEKE (Slowly . . . sadly): You can go now, mister, and thanks. We never meant a mite o' harm, I can tell ye. If we killed, it was no wish of ours. What's done is done, though.

EBEN (As sadly): Aye. What's done is done.

ZEKE: Ye can go now, stranger. On your way. We don't want no more trouble. There's been trouble enough and grievin' enough, 'an' we've had our share. Aye. Our share and more. We've killed, and we've been hurt for it. We're not alone, either. We ain't the only ones. (Pause . . . sighs) Ye can go now, doctor.

EBEN: Aye. An' our thanks to ye. You can go now, an' thanks. Thanks, mister, in the name o' mercy. (Fading

. . . hollow) In the name o' mercy we thank you, we thank you, we thank you . . .

MUSIC: Bridge briefly.

SOUND: Fade-in drone of automobile engine . . . fast . . . car grinds to stop . . . door opens and shuts metallically.

ATTENDANT (Coming on): Good evening, sir. Fill 'er up?

DOCTOR (Impatiently): No, please. Where's your telephone? I've just been held up!

ATTENDANT: No!

DOCTOR: Do you have a telephone?

ATTENDANT: Find one inside, pay station.

DOCTOR: Thank you!

ATTENDANT (Stopping him): Er . . . DOCTOR: Well? You were going to say something?

ATTENDANT: Sort of looking fellers were they?

DOCTOR: Oh. Two big ruffians, with rifles. They won't be hard to identify. Bearded, both of them, faces and heads bandaged and covered with dirt and blood. Friend of theirs with a gaping chest wound. I'm a doctor, so they forced me to attend him.

ATTENDANT: Oh. (Oddly knowing) Those fellers.

DOCTOR: Did you know about them?

ATTENDANT: Yeah, I guess so.

DOCTOR: They're desperate, I tell you, and they're armed!

ATTENDANT: That was about two miles back, would you say?

DOCTOR: Yes, just about that. Now if you'll show me where your phone is and tell me the name of that town I just went through (Pauses on questioning note . . . no answer) I say . . . (Annoyed) What town was that back there?

ATTENDANT (Oddly . . . quietly): That was Gettysburg, mister . . .

DOCTOR (Struck): Gettysburg!

MUSIC: In very softly, poignantly, background, "John Brown's Body."

ATTENDANT (Quiet and solemn): Gettysburg, and Gettysburg battlefield. (Pause . . . for effect) When it's light and the fog is gone, you can see the gravestones. Meade's men and Pickett's men and Robert E. Lee's.

DOCTOR: Then, those—those men . . .

ATTENDANT: On nights like this, well, you're not the first they've stopped in the fog, nor the last.

DOCTOR (Softly . . . distantly): Gettysburg, and the dead that never die!

ATTENDANT: That's right, I guess. (Pause . . . deep breath) Fill 'er up, mister?

DOCTOR (Distantly): Yes, fill 'er up.

MUSIC: "John Brown's Body" up strong . . . cascade of distant trumpets fading away into "Taps" and orchestra in then . . . full and out.

"THE Finish" won an Honorable Mention in last spring's Scholastic Writing Awards, and honors in the Regional Awards sponsored by the *Cleveland (Ohio) News*.

The Finish

I heard a voice. I knew it must be close by, but it sounded very far away. I also heard a dull roaring, but that seemed even farther away. I blinked up at the lights and I could barely see them, for besides that warm sticky stuff that kept running into my eyes, my head spun around and around. The voice—I knew it was meant for me. I was supposed to be listening to it, but I couldn't understand. And what was that smell? Something cool touched the back of my neck. I looked at the lights and saw them change color—once, twice. Oh, that terrible smell again! I coughed. The lights grew slightly brighter, but the voice rambled on.

Suddenly I felt pressure over my right eye. I tried to look up. What was it? The lights grew dimmer and dimmer. Then the odor again. Sharp, searing. But when it passed, the lights, though hazy, were visible once more. The pressing feeling over my right eye stopped. The voice went on and on.

Why had I got mixed up in this kind of racket anyway? My father had warned me. My mother had pleaded. All my brothers had told me that I was a fool. But it was my uncle who had said that everything would come out fine. He said I'd be rich, have a good car, and meet nice people. Why had I listened to him? Why?

My uncle. It was *his* voice that I heard! It was *his* voice that kept rambling on and on. I knew I must try to listen to what he was saying, but I couldn't. I was too sick. Too tired.

Something was being forced into my mouth. It was hard and cold and I didn't want it. I couldn't speak, for my lips were painfully swollen. Then I realized what the object was. It was a bottle, and the cool liquid was being poured down my throat. I tried to swallow then, but it was impossible. My throat felt paralyzed. The water oozed from my mouth. I spat it out. It rolled over my chin and on down my bare chest. The water on my skin gave me chills. I struggled, but fell back exhausted.

I felt someone's fingers prying at my mouth. Man, were they rough! I didn't have the strength to resist. My mouth fell open. Something hard and warm was crammed in. It didn't seem to fit. I didn't want it, but there was no way to get rid of it. The lights grew dim

Young Voices

Selections Contributed by Student Writers

again. Far away a buzzer sounded, and I was pulled to my feet. Two strong hands held me, then let go. I fell forward on my face.

The fall jarred me, and it was then I realized that I, Jim Gomez, would not answer the bell for round six.

Robert A. Bloom, 16

*Gilmour Academy
Gates Mills, Ohio
Teacher, Brother Ivo Regan, C.S.C.*



This is the time of year when poets—and just plain people—start thinking about spring. So we offer these two contrasting nature lyrics. One is in free verse; the other makes lilting use of meter and rhyme.

Winter Trees

Inky black,
Leafless,
Stormswept,
The trees thrust themselves
Above the lifeless, blue-white snow.
Driven by cruel winds,
The snow and sleet
Have lashed the twisted trees
Until they cower.
Witchlike,
They claw the bitter air
With their long, bony fingers
And pull the midnight sky,
Heavy with stars and moon,
Nearer to earth.

Dolores Christofferson

*East High School
Rockford, Illinois
Teacher, Adele Johnson*

The Fickle Groom

With tiny shimmering flakes of snow
Causing her gossamer curls to glow,

With ice-blue bits of winter sky
Flashing, sparkling in each eye,
With swirling gown so lacy frail,
Winter stands in her bridal veil.

Recent-deserted Autumn ahead
Showers leaves at each crisp tread;
While joyful and gay as the wedding
refrain,

Spring comes, bearing Winter's train.
Soon Winter will perish, fragile bride,
And Earth take another in his stride.

Joan Carol Potts, 15

*East Weymouth (Mass.) H.S.
Teacher, Mary F. Toomey*

Maybe *you* thought it was tragic at the time! Anyway, the situation described with great good humor in Joanna Geller's essay is one many of you will recognize.

Of Kings and Dances

I hate dances and you would think that sitting up to study King Henry VIII instead of going to a dance would put a person like me one nose higher than a giraffe for sheer joy. It's not so. This dance was different. For one thing, it was right next door to me.

My friend Francie and I were supposed to go. We were planning to wear black ballerina skirts, because black ballerina skirts go anywhere. Francie even helped me to set my hair. I bought green curlers to do it with, and the effect was so Parisian that I almost wanted to wear the curlers to the dance.

Then Francie called me at 7:30 p.m. and after a few polite remarks to catch me off guard, she informed me that she had decided not to go with me to the dance. She was too tired. After I had labored for two hours styling and setting my hair, and had showered and anointed myself freely with Mother's Chanel No. 5, and had ironed my best moire skirt, my friend Francie decides at 7:30 p.m. that she is too tired to go. That's how much our friendship means to her. But I am a good friend. So I told Francie politely

that I hoped she would have more energy in the morning and hung up.

I took out the pretty green curlers and resigned myself to doing homework. Not that homework is distasteful to me, but doing it on the eve of Lincoln's birthday seemed somehow sadly out of place. I was up to Elizabeth, the last of the Tudors, when Gary, the second of the McFagens, came bursting in. He wanted me to go to the dance with him!

Now do you see what I mean about Gary? He just does not seem to understand that nice girls do not go to dances with boys. They come with their girl friends and meet the boys there. Otherwise there is no sense in going. Besides, the girls at the dance would scratch my eyes out. I would be with Gary and his friends before the other girls could get their talons on them. Gary and his friends are considered the best Material in the neighborhood. I was born in the building where I live, and I have a reputation to uphold. All the mothers here tell me that they wish their daughters would grow up like me. But Gary did not understand. Boys are so insensitive nowadays.

After Gary left, the Tudors seemed to lose their regal fire. The night was beautiful. The snow had turned to rain, and after the winter we'd had, this was a sure sign of spring. After all, February is nearly spring. I opened the window, and the fresh sweet air blew across the desk and cleaned away some of the dust of old kings and Anne Boleyn. With the window open, the music from the dance drifted toward me. The band was playing "Goodnight, Sweetheart," and I knew what was happening. The ball's lights would be dim and the fellows would be looking at their partners like love-sick puppies. I could tell by the music.

I began to feel better. You know, being right next door to a dance, with your window open, isn't so bad after all! It's almost like being there yourself.

Joanna Geller, 17
Eastern District High School
Brooklyn, N.Y.
Teacher, Mrs. Ellis

February, the month of Presidents, has a special appeal for writers and orators. It gives them a chance to glorify our free, democratic institutions and the small daily advantages of the American way, which so many of us take for granted. Nina Genovese's poem is a kind of teen-age "Ballad for Americans."

Of Thee I Sing

A song . . .
Not alone for prima donnas
But the young, the old,
The rich, the poor,
The white, the black, the yellow . . .
A song for humanity.
I sing of Democracy, Brotherhood,
God's dream for the human race.
Let the universe tune in.

From the squalor and splendor of Democracy's crossroads
To God's secluded towns and villages
And plains,
One hears the universal music
Of a peaceful people,
Guarding a heritage
Made fast by Jefferson,
Hancock, Franklin, Adams,
Who pledged their lives, their fortunes
And their sacred honor
To preserve us a nation,
Faith unbroken.
Like a flame at the tomb of
The Unknown Soldier,
Their dream, our reality.
Will burn forever.

(Firm may she stand; we love our native land.)
The song is you, America,
And the lyrics are . . .

The millworker, the preacher,
The doctor, the teacher.
Harvard and Yale,
Penn and Cornell.
College co-eds,
Shmoos and deadheads.
High school fads
And graying Dads.
Charm and Vogue and Mademoiselle;
"Hubba-hubba, do you look swell!"
Steak with potatoes,
Cheese and tomatoes.
Fat people who diet
Because they must try it.
South Pacific, the Great White Way,
Russel Crouse and Clarence Day.
Crooner Crosby and Muscles Monroe,
"Anchors Aweigh" and GI Joe.

See Yourself in Print

● Have you a short story, poem, or essay of which you are especially proud? Send it to "Young Voices." The best contributions will be published. Address: Young Voices Editor, *Literary Cavalcade*, 7 East 12th St., New York 3, N.Y. Enclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope if you wish your contribution returned. If requested, individual comment and criticism will be given at the editor's discretion. Material submitted is automatically considered for prizes in the annual Scholastic Awards.



Gibson Girl blouses and ballerina skirts,
Ballet shoes and drugstore flirts.

(We love these United States.)

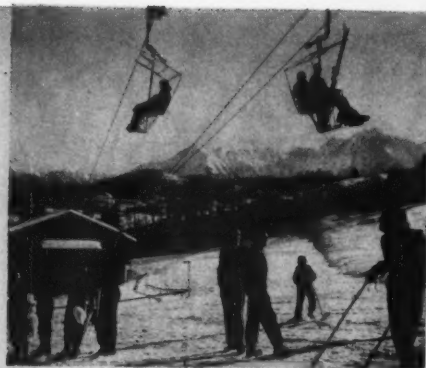
Not a self-contained nation
Standing by
While the rest of the world suffers.
Our hearts, our sons
Are with those who still must fight for right:
With battle-weary China, with ravaged Greece,
With Israel,
Dying in the agony of being born.

("Give me your tired, your poor . . .")
America, land of opportunity and plenty.
America, land of . . .

The American Legion, the K. of C.,
The Salvation Army—help for free.
Helicopters and jet-propulsion.
Lipstick, rouge, and face emulsion.
June brides luscious in gowns of white,
Sweethearts talking all through the night.
Carnivals, circuses, county fairs,
Blue ribbons for jars of peaches and pears.
Wistful madonnas with painted faces.
Saddle shoes with dirty laces.
Roaring subways, the *Daily News*.
Churches to worship however we choose.
Atlantic City with boardwalk stalls,
Tourists, sightseers, Niagara Falls,
Summer playgrounds and winter resorts.
Moron jokes and snappy retorts.

An endless song
Ringing like the chime of the Liberty Bell
In the ears and hearts of all men longing to be free.

Nina Genovese
Central High School
Johnstown, Pa.
Teacher, Elvina Owen



Swiss National Tourist Office and U. S. National Park Service
This ski-lift built-for-two whisks up Alpine skiers.
Below: Champ Luggi Foeger on a Yosemite slope.



Swiss National Tourist Office
Speeding skier zigzags around a flag marker in a slalom race.

TWO BOARDS—A Song

The year may have more than one season,
But I can remember but one,
The time when the rivers are freezin',
And mountains with whiteness are spun.
The snowflakes are falling so fast,
And the winter has come now at last.

Chorus

Two boards upon cold powder snow, YO HO!
What else does a man need to know?
Two boards upon cold powder snow, YO HO!
That's all that a man needs to know.

The hiss of your skis is a passion;
You cannot imagine a spill.
When, bang! there's a goshawful gash in
The smooth shining track on the hill.
What's happened you can't understand;
There's two splintered skis in your hand.

(Cho.)

By Dave Bradley

(from *Skiing the Americas* by John Jay;
published by The Macmillan Co.)

Snow, Slopes, and Slaloms

LITERARY CAVALCADE



Swiss National Tourist Office

Trick in slaloming is to make the turn without losing too much speed.



Ontario Department of Travel

Daring young man on the high-flying skis.



Sun Valley News Bureau

Les Outzs warms up for the Harriman Cup races.



Sun Valley News Bureau

With a flashy gelandesprung this skier jumps over an obstacle.



Swiss National Tourist Office

Skis and weary skiers rest before taking the last long run.



Ontario Department of Travel

Eleven hot cocoas coming up quick at the fireplace.

FEBRUARY, 1950



His Domain • Etching by Otto Wackernagel. Courtesy Associated American Artists

Train to Moose Factory

A YOUNG Indian mother with a placid brown baby under one arm and a bulging packsack slung from her shoulder hurried toward me anxiously inquiring, "Moose? ... Moose?" Before I could straighten out an obvious case of mistaken identity, several voices assured her in broken English and James Bay Cree that the train behind me was the right one for "Moose." On the timetable it is "Moosonee."

Departure of the Ontario Northland's mixed train, which runs twice a week from Cochrane, Ontario, some two hundred miles "down north" to the end of steel at Moosonee, is somewhat of an event. Moosonee's tar-

papered houses and log cabins squat on high spots in the swampy flats along the Moose River, and early in the summer when the Indians return from the fur country it becomes a tent village of Moose Band Crees and thieving sled dogs that howl in the sorrows of starvation night and day. A few miles to the north the Moose, some two miles wide here, empties into James Bay, lower part of Hudson Bay.

When we went to the station at Cochrane that August morning, the Moosonee train consisted of an assort-

By JOHN J. ROWLANDS

ment of freight cars, three old and faded blue wooden passenger coaches which were already well filled with Indian families, and a caboose that had weathered from red to chalky pink. The dusty but capable-looking locomotive with clanking driving rods somehow gave the impression it was being sent into a wilderness Coventry for some misdemeanor on the high iron of the main line. Now and then it left us for a while, announcing its return each time by a jolt as it added another car to the train. The final count was twenty-five.

An hour after scheduled starting time, word got around that we were being held to take on an official car attached to the Northland Express, coming from the south. While we waited the Indian families gradually left the cars and fanned out for a last look at the stores along the dusty main street

Climb aboard for a trip to the end of steel and the beginning of adventure at Hudson Bay

LITERARY CAVALCADE

which parallels the tracks. Every time a locomotive whistled they stampeded back to the train, sat awhile in alert silence, and then trickled back to their window shopping.

The express, a string of sleek Pullmans and shining steel coaches, finally arrived and slid to a stop farther down the platform as if to avoid contact with a shabby relative. The official car was switched to our train and, an hour and a half late, we were ready to go.

Just before we left, a Royal Canadian Mounted Police constable and a Provincial police officer walked through the train, scrutinizing every stranger and keeping an eye open for any sign of forbidden liquor in the packs of the Indians. Several times they stopped to ask passengers, "What is your destination? Have you a job? How long do you plan to stay?" It was done quietly and courteously, and everyone in the train was accounted for in one way or another. It's a good thing to have a reason when you head into the sub-Arctic Canadian bush.

OUR goal was Moose Factory, second oldest post of the Hudson's Bay Company at the mouth of the Moose River. This is the jumping-off place for the Eastern Arctic posts. From there we would go by canoe to Hannah Bay, that vast and lonely tidal rendezvous of the waveys, the blue and the snow geese, which stop to feed and rest on their long migration from the desolate Arctic barrens to the wintering grounds in the Southern states. Our reason: wildlife photography.

You can make a lot of friends in an hour on a frontier train, and before we were fifty miles north of Cochrane the passengers were moving about. No one introduced himself; people just came and sat on the arm of your seat and began talking.

Our conductor wore faded blue overalls and a cotton engineer's cap, but he pulled on a blue uniform with the brass buttons of his office for the leisurely process of taking tickets. Then the coat came off.

The dark girl who, as we left Cochrane, had fixed her eyes on the spruce-fringed southern horizon with what seemed a look of desperate loneliness was an Indian Affairs Department nurse on her way to an isolated Arctic post for a stay of three years. A middle-aged prospector, an old-timer who was going in "just to look around," assured the girl she would like the east coast of Hudson Bay.

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"The only ones who need to worry are them that live alone in the bush," he told her. "Then you've got to learn to tell when you've been in long enough. One way is to nail a piece of gunny sack to the door and every time you go out you touch it. When it begins to feel like silk it's time to head south. Another way to know when the bush is getting you is when you quit wanting to go out. That's long enough to stay, Miss, for sure. But you'll be with folks at the post and working hard, and you'll enjoy it." The girl thanked him. Then as if to reassure her, he added, "You're in luck. Up to last year they had only one mail a year along the east coast of The Bay. Now you get it four times by plane—September, December, March, and June."

The train halted every few miles, often for no apparent reason. At Mile 23 we stopped by a log cabin in a clearing hacked out of the wall of black spruce and tamarack. The baggageman lowered four bottles of milk to a young fellow while a tired-looking woman with a very small baby in her arms watched dully from the cabin doorway. The conductor leaned across me and waved through the window. "We bring them milk from the hospital at Cochrane," he explained. "The baby pretty nearly didn't live at first. It's puny and needs special feeding. We're glad to help. They're having a tough time trying to make a homestead out of the bush." The train moved on.

COCHRANE is on the Canadian National Railway's transcontinental line and the region between it and James Bay lies in Northern Ontario's great clay belt. Here all streams run north and most of them carry the color of the tawny clay through which they flow. Except for waterways in the muskeg, where the brown water is often clean and cold, fishing in this region is poor.

White pine, poplar, white spruce, and the frowzy, slender jack pine thrive on the high land, but in the muskeg, which covers vast areas, the black spruce with tufted tops grow in closed ranks, shouldering each other in the eternal struggle to reach open sunlight. And where the pale feathery tamarack can find standing room it, too, flourishes in the black muck under the sphagnum moss. The bright purplish-red glow of fireweed covers burned-over areas along the track, hiding the blackened bones of dead trees and fire-scaled boulders.

Our northward progress was slow. Stations as such became farther and farther apart, and mile-posts replaced them as scheduled stops. The wood-

cutter's ticket read: "From Cochrane to Mile 144." From time to time we stopped to drop a pulp or flat car on a rusty spur track and then every man, woman, and child got off the train. Indian children played tag through and under the cars, and men talked about the summer being hot and dry, and the danger of bush fires. There was a haze in the sky and the faint, disturbing smell of smoke that came on the wind from a fire a hundred miles to the west.

Hemmed in by high walls of black spruce with the endless drainage ditches on either side, the track stretched straight ahead, two gleaming streaks of steel that merged far away to a thin line of silver rippling in the heat waves. We were in the soft muskeg country and the roadbed was built on tangled mats of spruce and tamarack felled where they stood and covered with gravel. In most places the permanent frost was less than four feet below the surface. In the muck by the right of way were the sharp imprints of moose tracks.

THERE are few deer north of the transcontinental line, but moose are fairly plentiful and the black bear is common and sometimes a nuisance. Timber wolves still roam the region, but they are more numerous to the west and south, for they follow the deer. The James Bay region is still a profitable fur district and there is good reason to believe that government regulation of trapping in certain sections will eventually make it a richer fur country than it was when the white man first trod its forests.

The fine-looking, white-haired man who sat with his wife opposite us was hard to place. In any capital of the world he could have been an elder statesman; he could have been a judge or a great surgeon, yet he belonged to the north in that indefinable way that balks explanation. His shoulders drooped a little and he sat looking straight ahead in the way of a man of years who no longer needs to look to know. A seal ring on his left hand bore a crest of a sheaf of grain surmounted by a helmet with visor open.

At first he treated us with the peculiar reserve of men of the north toward strangers. When we crossed the Abitibi and I remarked I had come down the river by canoe prospecting for gold in 1911, which was long before the Ontario Northland line had been thought of, even before the Transcontinental Railway had been finished, he warmed. Unknown to each other, we had worked in Cobalt when

that great silver camp was a shining place in the mining world, and we had seen Porcupine and then Kirkland Lake grow from tented prospect camps to become one of the world's great gold-mining regions. Now after thirty-seven years I had come back and I needed no other credentials. He was purchasing agent at the power plant on the Abitibi and was on his way home after several months in the hospital at Cochrane.

He was still a bit shaky, he explained. They had taken him out with pneumonia and other complications early in March—fifty miles on a gasoline speeder with the temperature at twenty below zero.

"Don't know how I made it," he said; "perhaps I can thank my stout Scotch Highland ancestors. Keeping alive comes high up here when you get sick. They will send an engine and baggage car down from Cochrane in case of emergency, but that costs \$195. The speeder was cheaper but cold."

He had gone in as chief accountant when they built the power plant twenty years ago, he told us.

"I was fifty then and we've been here ever since. Always planned to go outside—no place for a woman, you know—but somehow it didn't work out. The years tramp you down and jobs are not easy to find."

But they were very comfortable—lights in the house, a bathroom, and electric stove and refrigerator—all the comforts and plenty of wood. "But still it was the bush, the everlasting, endless silent bush," he said. "To this day bears come in to eat the blueberries near our house, and in winter we hear the wolves off to the west. We miss a lot, of course, but there are some compensations. The trout fishing, I might say, is admirable just below the spillway."

FROM the train we looked down the gorge of the Abitibi where the great powerhouse stands athwart the frothing river, the self-contained, omnipotent giant of a tiny community of company houses in the wilderness, but tethered securely to civilization by a leash of shining aluminum strands.

In the bush, time and distance take on new meanings. A young fellow on the train was intently writing a letter to his girl, the daughter of a Hudson's Bay Company man at a post seven hundred miles north. Before he got off the train halfway down he asked me to mail the letter at Moosonee. It would go north on the September plane and with luck he'd have an answer by Christmas.

About the Author . . .

● The son of a former Canadian lumberman, John J. Rowlands took to the woods at an early age. For six years he prospected for gold in upper Ontario and Quebec. After prospecting came newspaper work with the United Press, and then his present administrative duties at Massachusetts Institute of Technology. But when the old call to the northlands becomes irresistible he joins forces with a friend and together they head for Canada. Out of their trips have come that vivid book, *Cache Lake Country*, and writing as descriptive as the present essay.

Life on the train to Moosonee was easygoing. Coats and ties were discarded, for the Canadian summer, already shortened by a laggard spring and a cold June, was making the most of the time that was left. It was ninety outside and still warmer in the cars.

At noon sharp the train stopped in the middle of a desolate stretch of country, and after a prolonged blast on the whistle the engineer and fireman walked back to the caboose. It was dinnertime and for an hour the train stood in the quiet wilderness while the crew enjoyed beef stew and baking soda biscuits cooked on a coal range by the conductor's pretty wife.

If we hadn't made a late start, the stop for dinner would have been further north where the track crosses a particularly fine creek that flows through a black spruce swamp. The conductor, a fisherman of some reputation, carries a rod and a hatful of flies and it is his custom whenever possible to spend part of his lunch hour dropping flies on the cool, brown water of a pool beside the track. It is said that under proper conditions and with fair luck trout are browning in bacon fat on the caboose stove less than twenty minutes after the train stops.

Part of our coach was partitioned off for a lunch counter, and while the train crew ate we got in line for dinner, a surprisingly complete menu of good roast beef, bread, potatoes, cabbage, pie, and coffee. The price was seventy-five cents. A quiet little man from one of the other cars came in, took a seat next to me, and before starting his meal bowed his head for a whispered blessing.

An uninhibited man from Indiana, who with his wife and son was adventuring in the north, held forth at the far end of the counter. He had been talking every mile of the way down from Cochrane.

"Let me tell you," he was saying to all who cared to listen, "this young

fella and his sister that run the lunch counter could show our boys a thing or two about puttin' on a meal for a price. Why, say, back in Indiana this meal would cost you two to three dollars. But our coffee is better'n yours. Always heard they make poor coffee up here. Most of you folks drink tea, I guess, but I don't go for that." His wife beamed agreement, but the son looked uneasy.

"Pop's pretty excited about this trip," he told us later as though he felt an explanation were needed. "When he was a kid he pined to be a fur trader, and ever since, he's read everything about the north he could get his hands on. Wrote when I was overseas that when I got back we'd all come up here. All these years he's been planning a trip like this, and he's certainly getting a kick out of it. It's his first vacation in five years and he deserves it. Pop's a grand guy; you can see that." And we did.

NOT long after we left the dinner stop the train came to a grinding halt and suddenly began backing up at a good rate, a practice which is safe only on a one-track, one-train line. Heads craned from every window to see what was happening, but not until we had retraced two miles of track was the reason apparent. There beside the track by the bank of a stream was an old Indian with a canoe, a dirty mattress, and several rolls of dunnage. Looking back along the train for signs of hot-boxes, the engineer had by mere chance spotted the old man climbing up on the track and waving in what seemed a hopeless gesture. No one was disturbed, least of all the old Indian; for in the bush, time makes ample allowance for the unexpected. The crew helped him load his canoe and camp equipment into the nearest open boxcar and we were on our way again without any rushing to make up lost time.

An hour later we were flagged down at a river crossing to take on ten Indians, their canoes and much winter dunnage, as well as several lean sled dogs which snarled at each other while the canoes were being loaded. There was a lot of good-natured banter in Cree between the new passengers and Indians on the train. A Canada jay, known wherever men travel in the north as the moosebird or whiskey-jack, watched the trappers' departure from the shadows of a spruce. It had, no doubt, followed them on their trip out for the morsels it could pick up on the way.

The track foreman's wife, an ample and cheerful person in a gingham

dress, got off at Mile 166, where her husband's work train stood on a siding beside a stretch of country that had been burned over twenty years ago. The various pails she carried were for raspberries. It was good berrying land.

In July, she told me, she picked blueberries down around Coral Rapids. That is as far north as they grow in this region, but the raspberries thrive right down to The Bay and out on the Islands.

"You won't find bigger or better-flavored berries this side of Heaven," she said. "Big as a thimble, they are. I took eighty quarts back two weeks ago and I'm down now to get more for jam to send to my married daughter."

The biggest and best berries, she philosophized, are, like anything else of special value, harder to find. Mostly they ripen in the warm shade right under a leaf, but by kneeling down and looking up through the canes you spot them and do the rest by touch. After you've been berrying a few years you learn to know just the kind of a leaf a prime berry likes to hide under.

"I've been out in The Bay for wild strawberries, too," she added. "The berries that grow out on those sandy islands are large and easy to pick, which is something to brag about if you've ever been after the wild ones. And flavor!—never tasted anything like them, 'specially with thick cream. So sweet they don't need sugar. But the mosquitoes are enough to drive you crazy and the tides are dangerous, so folks don't go after them much. Breaks

my heart to think of hundreds of bushels going to waste."

The official car, which was the subject of a good deal of curiosity, was carrying a Crown Commission of medical men sent by the government to study the problem of tuberculosis among the Indians in the Hudson Bay region. There were six of them and a woman social service specialist. They had planned to start earlier, but the spring was late and the ice didn't go out of James Bay until July 15. It was now the middle of August and they had only until the end of September to complete their survey.

Undertaking the impossible is an everyday chore in the north country. The medical men were carrying complete X-ray equipment, including a heavy gasoline engine and generator to produce power for the tubes, as well as much other apparatus. All this, weighing several tons, had to be transported by boat from post to post of the Hudson's Bay Company and overland to isolated Indian reservations along the west coast of Hudson Bay. The doctors walked through the train several times, looking over the Indian passengers with the cool professional detachment of medical specialists.

The Ontario Northland line crosses the Moose River on a high steel trestle which is the best part of a mile long. Our approach to the flag stop at the river was heralded by an excited yell from the Indiana adventurer, whose head had spent most of the trip outside the window.

"Say, Helen, get an eyeful of this. It's the famous Moose River! Why, say, I've read about this place for years. Used to be the main fur trade route in the good old days. Funny, but somehow I thought it'd be bigger. Look at those rapids! George, how'd you like to run them in a canoe? So this is the great Moose. S-o-m-e river! Wait till I tell the boys back home about this."

Indians, waiting to see the train come in, walked along beside the cars, grinning and reaching up to shake hands with friends and strangers alike. A big Cree trapper climbed aboard, followed by his wife, who was staggering under a heavy shoulder pack and carrying a shabby suitcase in each hand. Without so much as a gesture of assistance, he ordered her to hurry. That is the way of the Indian and no one paid any attention.

The heavily built, close-coupled man who sat with a plump and pleasant-looking woman in a seat at the end of the car was quiet most of the way down. He kept his hat on all day long, his small brown eyes watching the passengers constantly. Once in a while they twinkled with amusement. At intervals during the afternoon he folded into a boneless huddle, laid his head on the window sill with hat brim over his eyes, and dropped to sleep in the way of a man long used to taking his rest anytime, anywhere.

He was a free trader, specializing in white fox furs, who with the aid of his wife had carved out a bleak little empire of his own well up on the east coast of Hudson Bay. People who knew him when he ran a lunchroom in the gold camps twenty years ago said he must be making a tidy fortune.

Most of the Indians who passed through the car in a continual procession to buy pop at the lunch counter recognized the trader and several stopped to shake hands with him. There was obvious respect and apparently some affection for him. A network of fine lines, the familiar effect of glare from snow and ice, fanned out from the edges of the man's eyes, and when the sun slanted through the window they instantly narrowed to thin slits. The free trader and his wife came out for a month or so nearly every year. They were returning now from a trip to California.

"Glad to be going home again," he said. "It was a good trip, but The Bay country will look fine to us. Life here is simple; you take time to see where you're going and what for." He wondered why people in the cities think that rushing gets you there any



Lithograph by Peter Hurd. Courtesy Associated American Artists

faster; "sure, into a hole in the ground faster!"

The trader didn't have much to say about his business. He had bought a lot of supplies, for the Eskimos of the offshore islands depended on him for outfitting. His gasoline freight boat would be at Moosonee to take them and the supplies home, five hundred miles across The Bay. He hoped the trade goods had arrived, for time was getting short and the treacherous weather of fall on The Bay was not far away. He liked the Eskimos better than Indians. "Clean, happy, and more resourceful," he said, "and their word is as good as a contract."

HIS wife remarked that the only unpleasant part of their trips outside was getting used to the noise of civilization. In Nebraska, where they visited her sister for a week, they had to go to the back of the house and close all the windows to get any rest, and at that they lost a lot of sleep.

"Don't believe I could stand it for a steady way of living," she thought. "We're so used to the silence of the north that city noises make us nervous. Where we live you can almost hear the lemmings breathing."

The trader's wife talked steadily and hungrily, now telling, now asking. She wanted to know about our families and what they did. She spoke of books. They were precious to her. Someone had sent her one that she read three times in one winter. Had I ever read the Bible?—It was good reading. She had saved magazines for years and now some of them were so nearly forgotten she felt sure they would seem almost brand-new when she read the stories this year.

Events that happened years before were summoned out of time in clear detail as though they had occurred but yesterday. She told us much about their summer of travel, speaking of scenes and people and the minutiae of their lives. I had the feeling that she was reviewing her experiences, not just because she wanted to tell us, but as a means of etching the images still deeper in her memory.

She listened to our talk in the way of one to whom every word, no matter how trivial, had enormous value. She was instinctively and industriously garnering thoughts, ideas, scraps of information, to store away as a reserve against the long dark winter when with great thrift, word by word and thought by thought, it would be withdrawn from the shelves of her memory.

There were times, she told us, when you needed everything you had to

think about. One was when her husband left on a trading trip that usually took only a week and didn't come back for a month. She waited alone with only an old sled dog for companionship. A storm had broken up The Bay ice and her husband was marooned on an Eskimo camp on one of the offshore islands. She didn't worry much, she said, for as far as she could see, fear hadn't ever brought anybody back. The thing to do was to sort out in your mind all the things that could happen and then try to decide which was the right one. "Stormed in" was the natural choice in winter and then you held on tight to that explanation without doubting through the days and nights until it was over. "Singing to myself helped a lot," she added, "and talking to the dog was good."

"When we get in to Moosonee," she told us, "two of our Indians will be waiting to pack the stuff down to the boat on the river. They're Whale River men, a different kind and more loyal workers than the Moose Band Crees. They are much taller, with a cast to the face that reminds you of the Eskimo. Neither one of them has ever seen a train or an automobile, but you would never know it. Watch their faces—they'd make great poker players. But those fellows have flown more miles in airplanes than most city people."

THE only person who formally introduced himself on our journey was a tall and scholarly-looking man who spent most of his time making notes and diagrams on a yellow pad. He was a professor of architecture in a Canadian university who had been commissioned by the government to design and supervise construction of a school for the Indians. The problem was how to make a safe and solid foundation for a heavy brick building in ground which was solid black ice four feet below the surface. That would take a bit of planning.

Late in the afternoon when the sun was almost down to the jagged spruce tops, we ran through a long stretch of country covered with stunted spruce and tamarack struggling for survival amid huge gray boulders and bracken. It was typical moose barrens and the shadow of our train writhed over the land, a dragon with black smoke streaming from its head. Twilight lingered until, swallowed by darkness, it was but a pale afterglow in the west.

Our approach to Moosonee was announced by a long wind-tossed wail from the locomotive, which, like a horse on the way home, had suddenly

picked up speed, and now we were reeling down the grade to the river.

The soft, yellow light from the car windows was the only illumination on the station platform, where Indians—men, women, and children—swarmed about the train, laughing and calling to friends. A young Cree darted past us and with the liteness of a mink slid down between the cars, ducked under the coupling, and became part of the darkness on the opposite side of the train. He had spotted the Royal Canadian Mountie on the platform.

"Must have had a bottle," muttered the man behind me.

The crowd milled back and forth. Back in the shadows someone was playing a mouth organ and for a few moments there was a snatch of song. An energetic and serious Dominican Brother, whose long black cassock was smudged with dust, pushed a baggage truck through the crowd, calling in Cree for the Indians to make way. He loaded his freight into a truck and jolted away through the mud of the one and only street.

As we waited for our duffel to be unloaded the eerie greenish glow of the aurora borealis crept up the northern sky from the horizon. The color changed to rose and amber, then back to green, and swept northeastward toward The Bay as it swiftly changed to a pearly radiance. The faces of the few white men on the crowded platform stood out like waxen masks.

THE man whose bald spot shone in the light was the Indian Affairs doctor from Moose Factory who came to meet the medical men and go north with them. A young Hudson's Bay Company man was already loading their baggage on a mud-caked truck, for they would start down the Moose on the high tide at midnight.

A soft night breeze stirred from the west and the smell of smoke from the engine was replaced by the mossy scents of the swamp, a faint smell of freshly peeled logs and pine wood smoke from the houses and the tents of the Indian summer camp. The big Cree who had come from Moose Factory to take us on in canoes shouldered our packs and without a word strode away on the mile-long board sidewalk running on stilts over the muskeg to the banks of the Moose River.

For a few minutes there was only the steady hollow thumping of our feet on the boardwalk and then from somewhere in the darkness behind I heard the voice of Indiana.

"So this is Moosonee! S-o-m-e burg, folks!"

Verses for St. Valentine



Fulfilment

By Dorothy Parker

For this my mother wrapped me warm,
And called me home against the storm,
And coaxed my infant nights to quiet,
And gave me roughage in my diet,
And tucked me in my bed at eight,
And clipped my hair, and marked my weight,
And watched me as I sat and stood:
That I might grow to womanhood
To hear a whistle and drop my wits
And break my heart to clattering bits.

The Choice

By Dorothy Parker

He'd have given me rolling lands,
Houses of marble, and billowing farms,
And coaxed me to trickle between my hands,
Smoldering rubies, to circle my arms.
You—you'd only a lilting song,
Only a melody, happy and high,
You were sudden and swift and strong,—
Never a thought for another had I.

He'd have given me laces rare,
Dresses that glimmered with frosty sheen,
Shining ribbons to wrap my hair,
Horses to draw me, as fine as a queen.
You—you'd only to whistle low,
Gaily I followed wherever you led.
I took you, and I let him go,—
Somebody ought to examine my head!



Unfortunate Coincidence

By Dorothy Parker

By the time you swear you're his,
Shivering and sighing,
And he vows his passion is
Infinite, undying—
Lady, make a note of this:
One of you is lying.

How Do I Love Thee?

By Elizabeth Barrett Browning

How do I love thee? Let me count the ways.
I love thee to the depth and breadth and height
My soul can reach, when feeling out of sight
For the ends of Being and ideal Grace.
I love thee to the level of every day's
Most quiet need, by sun and candle-light.
I love thee freely, as men strive for right;
I love thee purely, as they turn from praise.
I love thee with the passion put to use
In my old griefs, and with my childhood's faith.
I love thee with a love I seemed to lose
With my lost saints—I love thee with the breath,
Smiles, tears, of all my life!—and, if God choose,
I shall but love thee better after death.

I Shall Not Care

By Sara Teasdale

When I am dead and over me bright April
Shakes out her rain-drenched hair,
Though you should lean above me broken-hearted,
I shall not care.

I shall have peace, as leafy trees are peaceful
When rain bends down the bough;
And I shall be more silent and cold-hearted
Than you are now.

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By **CARL R. RASWAN**

Illustrations by Charles Beck

Drinkers of the WIND

[All his life the author has had an unusual interest in horses. During his youth in Germany, influenced by the classics, he came to believe that the ancient Greek horse was the acme of beauty and perfection. When at seventeen he read of a journey to central Arabia he was possessed by a yearning for the desert, cradle of the Arabian horse, ancestor of the Greek horse of antiquity. He began to study Arabic and when offered a position in Egypt he leaped to the opportunity. In Egypt, where he managed a plantation, his goal was a journey to the desert tribes, among whom he hoped to find high-caste Arabian horses suitable for breeding. The adventures he recounts here took place in 1912.]

ONE morning my horse and I were trotting beside an irrigation canal. Riders loomed ahead of us. As they drew closer, I noticed that one, trotting briskly on a grey donkey, was a fellah. The other was a white-bearded Bedouin, mounted on a small horse. The poor animal looked very rough and abused, as if it had just been brought in from a very long journey in the desert. But there was something about this emaciated little chestnut stallion that fascinated me, though he was not much to look at and certainly had not been groomed for ages past. He had four white feet, and a white star on his forehead—a head bold and angular as jagged

rock. And his enormous eyes were like those of a gazelle.

Even after the men had passed from sight, I retained a mental picture of the brave little animal. I confess I had fallen in love with that creature, rough and small though he appeared, and far from the picture I envisioned the Bedouin horse to be.

On an impulse, I wheeled around and galloped back. The Bedouin's horse became excited as we approached. He snorted furiously and pawed the ground, but with a few firm strokes of his master's hand he became quiet.

"As-salam alayk—peace be with you," the Bedouin called out to me in a most friendly fashion.

The rider on the stallion was Sheikh Ammer ibn-al-Aide. He belonged to the Wud Ali, a migrating tribe of Arabia, and had come to Egypt to visit his relatives in the Libyan desert.

The Bedouin invited me to ride with him to his camp in the desert. Only a solitary date palm and some tamarisk bushes marked the spot where a black goathair tent rose from the ground. Slaves came out to receive us, while the sheikh, with the agility of a young man, dismounted.

"You haven't told me your horse's name," I said.

The old man smiled and for answer clapped his hands sharply. In an instant the stallion whirled about and galloped away from us. He had taken hardly more than a dozen strides when the sheikh called out, "Irja Ghazal—back to me, Ghazal."

Gazelle! A fitting name.

"My daughter was the first to call him the gazelle," the old man explained with pride. "He is indeed a *Drinker of the Wind*."

As we sat down in Sheikh Ammer's tent, the old chief poured coffee into a tiny cup from one of the beaked cans that stood in the glowing embers. "Welcome to the threshold of our sanctuary," he said with exquisite formality.

In the wilderness every home is a retreat where the stranger's stay may lengthen into years, where his past is his own. Abraham entertained angels unaware. Since that day the Bedouin says, "We look upon the visiting stranger as an envoy of our Lord."

Ghazal—the Drinker of the Wind

I settled down beside his fireplace with my new friend. A slave placed a camel saddle at my left for me to lean upon. My view through the tent opening revealed Ghazal. Urged on by my interest in his stallion, the sheikh offered to show me an example of Ghazal's intelligence. The horse had not only been taught the meaning of thirty-seven words, but he understood also the purpose of many gestures of his master's hand.

As he walked away from the tent, the sheikh suddenly threw himself full

**Book condensation in the author's own words—
a thrilling and enchanting story of the noble Arabian
horse and of raiding among the desert tribes**

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length upon the ground. Ghazal, some distance away, snorted in fright and at once wheeled about, racing at full speed to the side of his master. He pawed the ground beside him and neighed loudly. When the sheikh did not respond, Ghazal tried to turn his master's body over with his nose and nipped at him with anxious little caresses.

"Ghazal!" whispered the sheikh.

At once the horse sought the ground, his muzzle close to the man's face.

"Naum—sleep!" the sheikh said, and with a deep sigh Ghazal went down on his forelegs, bent his hocks and settled upon the sand, on his side.

Now the sheikh crawled across Ghazal's withers and seated himself upon his back.

"Goom—arise!" he called out.

With no apparent strain Ghazal lifted his body to a kneeling position, then rose from his haunches to stand firmly on his feet.

Rewarding Ghazal with a friendly slap on the croup, the sheikh commanded, "Zatt—throw."

Instantly Ghazal rose on his hindfeet, pawing the air, his whole body aflutter. Though Sheikh Ammer's hands were buried firmly in Ghazal's mane, he lost his hold and slipped from the back of the horse and on to his feet.

Absent-mindedly I touched the shoulder of Sheikh Ammer to congratulate him. "Beware!" cried the sheikh. But before I was aware what his shout meant, I was bowled over by Ghazal, who had rushed boldly between us. While I brushed the dust from my back, the old man scolded Ghazal and sent him away with a single gesture, saying, "Enough of these tricks." Turning to me, the sheikh said, "I did not expect Ghazal to treat you so roughly. He ought to have known that you are a friend, not a foe."

We returned to our camel-saddle seats near the coffee hearth. Savory odor drifted to us from another quarter, in which a servant busily handled the meat pots of the little nomad household.

Just before the meal was served, Sheikh Ammer left the tent to pray.

The prayer ended, the sheikh again seated himself at my side. "Let us break our fast," said my host.

During the meal a rider, mounted on a small fawn-colored race camel, trotted up to our tent.

"Marzuki," the sheikh cried in welcome.

The newcomer, I learned, had once been the royal stable master of the Khedive of Egypt. Born in central Arabia, some forty years before, Marzuki was often sent on special missions to purchase horses from desert chiefs of inner Arabia for the Sultan of Turkey and the pashas in Egypt.

Marzuki was slender and apparently

frail, but he had a reputation for great prowess. I soon found out that Marzuki was also a poet, skilled in writing odes in the manner of the ancient Arabs. He had packed away in his saddlebag a large manuscript of parchment leaves covered with several hundred poems he had written.

When he heard of my interest in Arabian horses and that I planned to go to Damascus to purchase some animals, Marzuki offered to leave with me for Syria any time that I was ready to go. He visited Arabia every year, he said, to trade in camels and horses among the tribes.

I thanked Marzuki for his trust in me, a total stranger, and a man not of his faith.

Sheikh Ammer called us and walked with us some distance away from the tent. Extending both hands, he signaled to Ghazal. At once the stallion galloped to us. The halter had slipped from his head, and he stood before us as God had created him.

Sheikh Ammer broke in upon my thoughts. "This is your opportunity to become acquainted with Ghazal."

Taking my right hand in his own, the sheikh extended it to the stallion's nostrils. For a split-second Ghazal's ears went back. Cautiously his soft nose touched my hand. His lips fumbled searchingly from my palm to my finger tips. He wanted to know me more intimately by my scent. Inhaling and exhaling cautiously, his warm breath flowed over my skin. Then I felt the touch of his muzzle upon my cheeks and eyes and ears. In playful mood Ghazal wheeled about me, snorting and sniffing as though trying to discover if I were only an apparition to be blown away.

But I talked to him and lifted my hand to his nostrils and allowed him to rub his forehead against me. He laid his head upon my shoulder. Trustingly, instinctively, he had decided the question of our friendship.

Sheikh Ammer smiled his pleasure that Ghazal had chosen me. "I have parted with him. I have decided to lend my horse to you," he said. "You may ride Ghazal on your journey to Damascus with our friend Marzuki."

"But I cannot accept the loan of Ghazal!" I cried.

"With your consent, it is arranged. And when you have finished your visit to the tribes, you may return Ghazal."

I offered to arrange some kind of payment for the use of his horse, but he became angry and said to me, "Ghazal is like unto one of our children. We cannot sell our horses for gold, but we entrust them to our friends."

I was not allowed to say another word of refusal.

Marzuki then looked at my riding

breeches and sun helmet. They would not do, he said, if I were to ride the horse of the desert. He ordered a slave to bring a bundle of Bedouin clothing from a camel saddlebag.

Toward midnight Marzuki and I made preparations to leave Sheikh Ammer's family. All the members of the household came to say farewell. Sheikh Ammer brought forth a piece of parchment with these words of the Koran written upon it: "Blessed is the path of those to whom thou hast been gracious."

This parchment the old man folded and inserted in the silver hijab (amulet) which he attached by two little silver chains to Ghazal's headstall. Then he laid his hand in blessing upon Ghazal and wished us the grace of God.

Some hours later our little cavalcade reached the outskirts of Ramleh. It was only a short ride from there to my home.

Alia—The Heroic Maiden

Marzuki then helped me to prepare for the journey to Damascus and settled satisfactorily the business end of the undertaking with the manager of our plantation.

Before our departure from Ramleh Marzuki asked me to ride with him to Amrieh to fetch a race camel which he had promised me.

Amrieh was a beautiful oasis at the foot of low hills near the sea. Here we were guests of an acquaintance of Marzuki.

Before going upstairs to my room, I took one more look at Ghazal and found him enjoying his feed. He came toward me and neighed, passing his lips over my face—his own way of wishing me good-night. . . .

Before dawn I awoke to the melodious chant of the Muezzin. Making the round on the high balcony of the minaret, he called to the four winds: "God alone is great. I testify there is no god but God! I confess that Mohammed is His Prophet! Come to prayer! Prayer is better than sleep!"

Life stirred as the morning call to prayer drifted over Amrieh.

Before joining Marzuki, I walked over to the paddock to greet Ghazal, but the enclosure was empty! The cross-bar of the gate had been lifted, and the bolt hung by its leather thong.

I called Marzuki to examine the evidence. Ghazal had used the top of his head to work the bar upward until it fell over against the wall.

Marzuki ordered horses saddled for us, and we set off. We rode over the hill into a wide plain. At a little distance we saw two riderless horses, tails flying high over their backs, one a chestnut stallion, and the other a dapple-grey mare.



The owner of the little grey mare was Rashayd, a Bedouin of eastern Arabia. I learned that he had been on a political mission to the border of Tripoli and belonged to the same secret Arabian society as Marzuki. He was about thirty and of medium height. Spare, as all desert people are, with hawklike features and merry eye, his broad smile flashed white in his swarthy face.

Rashayd asked to accompany us to Alexandria, when he learned that Marzuki and I planned to leave Amrieh next day.

In the early afternoon, Marzuki, Rashayd, and I left Amrieh. Rashayd's grey mare, Wudiyeih (the white antelope) could well compare in quality with Ghazal. But she, too, was emaciated—the result of long rides and scanty food. Bedouins of inner Arabia ride only mares on raids and other long excursions because the temperament of mares is quieter and they do not betray themselves by neighing. In Egypt, however, where there is no raiding such as that in the Arabian desert, the natives mount stallions.

That night we stayed in a nomad camp where Marzuki had left one of his race camels. The caretaker was an old friend of Marzuki.

Alia was as beautiful a dhalul (race camel) as Marzuki had described her to be. I bought her for thirty-five gold pounds. She was exquisite, not only by reason of her big dark eyes but also because of her elegantly slender shape—so like a deer's—and her soft fawn-colored coat which never lost its luster. Her parents were thoroughbreds.

I was happy to own Alia and quickly set about acquainting her with Ghazal. Miraculously he was not jealous but took a great liking to her. Perhaps he knew already that I could never love anyone as I loved him.

Rashayd had to leave us now and go by another road. I had grown very fond of Rashayd. I would have given anything to own his mare, but he loved Wudiyeih too much to part with her. She was the most precious of Rashayd's possessions.

He would not say farewell until I had promised to see him again. He made me swear that if I journeyed to Arabia I would look for him among the Ruala tribe.

When Marzuki and I reached my home at Ramleh we found a note which

had arrived from Sheykh Ammer during our absence. It informed us that—everything going well—he would meet us in Arabia. He also included addresses of friends, one in Hamma and another in Damascus.

"These friends," he wrote, "will bring you in safety to my home in the Hamad desert." And he bestowed upon me the name of Aziz. Although Bedouins are not accustomed to betray emotion, Marzuki had difficulty in finishing the letter, so affected was he. Aziz, he explained, was the name of Sheykh Ammer's son—a boy of seventeen—who had been killed in the Tripoli War.

Into the Desert

The journey was a dreamlike passage under sunny skies. In Damascus Marzuki and I decided to join three Ruala Bedouins returning to the desert with purchases they had made in Damascus. Marzuki knew their chiefs, most important of whom were Prince Nuri Sha'lan and his son Nauaf.

We had no compass and no map. At that time desert Arabia had not been charted. True, Marzuki accompanied me and he knew the desert. And I had Ghazal who had come from this part of the world. But still I felt oddly disquieted.

We were in strange company—three old men and three old women, small figures, weatherworn and almost in rags, riding on fine-boned camels. One blue-grey mare was led by her halter rope.

They were of the Ruala, members of one of the greatest tribes of the desert. They roamed from one end of Arabia to the other, raiding from Aleppo to the Persian Gulf, from the Hejaz to the Euphrates and Tigris.

I had thrown in my lot with outcasts of society—with men who raided other tribes for horses and camels. Was this not thievery? My own people and friends among the Damascenes had warned me. But Marzuki had kept up my spirits, and Ghazal and Alia had turned their soft gaze upon me in reassurance.

These people had a natural ease and a noble bearing unrelated to their ragged garb. The blue mare was covered with scars, and her coat was as ragged as her master's. But like him, she had unbelievable endurance. The old Rueyli was devoted to her. "I bathe her with tears of joy every morning," he told me, "the light of my life, the enriching one."

Her qualities were not striking beauty and physical perfection. There were other degrees of excellence which these Bedouins loved in their horses—traits of almost sentimental and spiritual values.

I began to learn from them that there were other qualities in a horse than just a handsome shape and noble carriage.

The Arab Bandit

Late in the afternoon of our seventh day, near the foothills of the volcanic desert, we sighted a column of dhalul suddenly emerging from a depression. Spying us, they dismounted at once from their camels and took to their horses to attack us. We had no time left to try an escape. The group of mounted men bore down upon us in a wild dash. Bearded faces, gleaming guns, the heads of excited horses appeared through the clearing dust. With rifles propped against their thighs, the riders (about twenty of them) sat motionless before us. I drew Ghazal to an uneasy halt.

A single man on a powerful jet-black Syrian stallion rode towards us. He was middle-aged, tall and thick-set. On his lap he held a heavy, silver-mounted gun.

Raising his hand, Marzuki called to the leader, "As-Salam'Alayk—peace be with you!"

"As-Sam'Alayk—death be with you!" the man thundered back.

It was a play of words—as-sam instead of as-salam—and there was only one man who dared to greet friends and foe alike with this infidel mockery. He was Abu-Barakish, the traitor. Living by robbery and murder, his band of outlaws made the most out of their country's distressing plight.

"As-Sam or As-Salam," Marzuki said to the raider, "they mean nothing to you, but God weighs such words on our tongues."

"I have no dealings with God," the leader responded with a coarse laugh.

He dug the knifelike edges of his Syrian stirrups into his black stallion. The horse squealed and leapt forward, almost knocking over Ghazal and Alia as he bounded into us.

With a loud cry Ghazal rose on his hindfeet and struck a vicious blow upon the shoulder of the black horse, barely missing the rider's leg. Fiercely he tore into the midst of the raiders, lashing out with his hoofs, grunting with madness, trying to break through the defense of his enemies. But the raiders were pressing in upon us, overwhelming us. I felt a sharp blow on my head, and, as I was torn from Ghazal, the world went black. . . .

When I awoke I found myself upon the ground. It was night. Above me curled the smoke of an open fire. Flames shot through the grey pennant of smoke, like the pains shooting through my body. Strange sounds of men and animals came to me, and the pungent odor of camel-dung fires.

Finally I heard Marzuki speak. With difficulty I raised myself upon my elbow. Men were squatting around the fires, and I saw the familiar figures of the old men and women of the Ruala not far away, talking to the chief, Abu-Barakish.

When they realized that I was conscious, Marzuki and Abu-Barakish came and sat down at my side. Abu-Barakish ordered camel saddles to be brought and placed on the ground, so that we might lean against them.

The chief began to explain why our lives had been spared. It appeared that he needed us for a definite purpose. My first thought was that he was going to hold us for ransom, and dispatch a member of the band to Syria for the money.

"We have no friends in Syria any more," he said, answering my thought. "Jauf would be a much safer country for us. There are no blood feuds against us there. We have heard, too, that Nuri's son, Nauaf, needs men like us to help him conquer Ibn Rashid's government in Jauf."

What he said was true. Nauaf was fighting at Jauf and needed more soldiers. The bandit and his desperados might be a welcome addition to Nauaf and Nuri's forces.

I then asked him what favor it was I could do for him. With a gesture he waved my question aside and persuaded me to eat first. As I ate, he leaned over my shoulder and whispered, "A Nasrani (Christian) should not ride a horse of such noble breeding among Believers. I will buy your stallion."

I ignored his insult and answered him quietly, "Ghazal has only been lent to me by Sheykh Ammer. And in any case my horse would not allow a stranger to mount him."

He turned to his men and asked boisterously, "Does a horse exist that I could not ride?"

They all assured him volubly that such a horse did not exist.

"At sunrise you will let me ride your stallion," the braggart boasted.

All through the night I heard his loud voice talking boastfully to his men. In the morning I found I had fallen prey to wild fears of this man whose mere touch I knew Ghazal would resent.

He ordered me to put his clumsy Syrian saddle upon Ghazal. I wanted to refuse but decided to do as I was told. It would be better to make a speedy end of his mockery.

After I had shown Ghazal under the saddle, and had demonstrated how easy it really was to handle him, the chief brusquely ordered me to dismount. As he approached and tried to lay his hand on Ghazal, my horse

snorted a warning and drew away from him. Only because of my interference and insistence did Ghazal finally allow the chief to touch him and seat himself on his back. He should have seen that the horse was only putting a good face on a bad game. I warned him to handle Ghazal gently, but he, overbearing and confident of his own horsemanship, brushed me impatiently aside and spurred Ghazal's flanks with the sharp edges of his stirrups. With a loud cry, Ghazal leaped forward, almost unseating the man on his back. He cried out to his henchmen, who raced behind him on the black stallion, gathered the whip in his hand, and lashed out, dealing a frightful blow across Ghazal's croup.

For a moment, I was stunned. Ghazal galloped away at a mad speed, the

About the Author . . .

● Although born in Germany, Carl Raswan is the greatest living authority on Arabian horses. As a boy he fell in love with the ancient classic carving of the perfect Greek horse, and as a young man he set out to find its living counterpart. The quest took him to years of existence among the nomad tribes of Arabia. Through his friendship with Prince Fuaz he was able to visit the Ruala tribe twelve times over twenty-six years, and was adopted into the tribe as a chieftain. *Black Tents of Arabia*, another of his books, deals with the Arabs and their customs.

During World War I, Mr. Raswan deserted the German Army in Turkey and, like Lawrence of Arabia, helped the Arabs to liberate the Near East from Turkish domination. He now lives with his family in New Mexico, where he has established one of the world's finest stud-farms for purebred Arabian horses.

Syrian stallion and his rider on his heels. Suddenly Ghazal threw himself straight into the air, and as he plunged backward, the chief was hurled from the saddle and crushed under Ghazal's body.

Dust still enveloped the scene as Ghazal struggled to free himself of the entangling saddle trappings and the human body.

The raiders carried their unconscious chief back to camp. His back broken, he expired without regaining consciousness. Some of the men tried to put the blame for the accident upon me; others, on the chief himself. However, all agreed that it was Ghazal who had killed the chief and that no Moslem law punished an animal.

The new leader of the band discussed with Marzuki and the Ruala the plan of riding with us to Nuri's camp

and joining with Nuri's son Nauaf in his fights near Jauf. Being still afraid of them, we unanimously accepted their company as the most graceful way out of our dilemma.

Black Tents in the Desert

In the southwest we came upon a close-cropped plain dotted with the black tents and fawn-colored camels of the supreme chief of the Ruala. Armed men on nimble mares galloped toward us to guide us to the tent of the old slave Hamar, where the grey-bearded Prince Nuri sat in council.

Nuri arose and received us ceremoniously, waiting for us at the entrance of the tent with his retainers and his heavily armed bodyguard. I saw a man with prominent features and the eyes of an eagle. He looked an old patriarch. It was difficult to reconcile this kindly old patriarch with the fierce Bedouin fighter that he was, the killer of two of his own brothers and scores of other men in battle.

Nuri motioned us to camel-saddle seats facing the coffee hearth, then settled himself upon his own camel saddle next to the hearth. Its extra layer of rugs and soft cushions and skins marked it as the seat of the chieftain.

Nuri reached out his hand to the coffee cook, who gave him a small cup of the thick liquid. Nuri poured it on the ground in memory of the first Bedouin who had served this stimulating beverage to his guests. Again the cook poured out the customary measure, less than two teaspoonsful, and Nuri offered the cup to me. I hesitated a moment, waiting for the drink to cool.

"Revive thyself," he said.

These were his first words and his welcome. Next Marzuki was served, and Nuri would not taste of his own cup until all his guests had partaken.

This is the communion of the desert brotherhood, a sacred ceremony emphasizing good will and honor among men.

A boy of about nine years rushed into the mejlis (council of chiefs) and leaned against the old man. While the talk proceeded, Nuri's fingers almost absent-mindedly caressed the head of the child, Fuaz by name, the youngest son of Nuri's son Nauaf.

I felt that however caressing the hand of the old man, it was never very far away from the silver hilt of his khanjar, or curved dagger.

The meeting continued until long after midnight. Nuri's touches of humor enlivened every conversation, and with so many "heroes and horse thieves" present, as Nuri described the assembly, the council was especially animated.

Marzuki surpassed himself in talk-

tiveness, describing our journey in rich detail and the adventures that had befallen us since we had met in Sheykh Ammer's tent in Egypt.

The jokes and Marzuki's excitement were to Nuri's liking. "Rejoice that thou hast brought the Drinker of the Wind back into the pastures of his birth! Wilt thou lead him to me?" he said.

I went to fetch Ghazal.

"Aziz, we are honored to call thee our friend," Nuri said to me with dignity, "but the horse is nearer to us—he is our kinsman."

The old chief lifted his shepherd coat from his shoulders to drop it before Ghazal.

"Shair," he said to a slave. The slave hurried off to another tent and returned with a wooden bowl filled with barley and a clump of dried dates.

Nuri poured the barley upon the shepherd coat, and began to feed the dates to my horse. "Thou black-skinned antelope," he said to Ghazal, "thou large-eyed one!" And he stroked and patted him.

Nuri seated himself, and a smile touched his eyes as he watched Ghazal eat the barley from the silver-embroidered shepherd coat.

That night, before we slept, Nuri picked up the cloak from which Ghazal had eaten his first supper in the great chief's tent and with his own hands placed it upon my shoulders before the many witnesses. The toga was not simply a gift but a symbolic token that henceforth I stood under Nuri's personal protection in the desert.

Stirred by their friendship and by their feeling for their animals, more than ever the search for the perfect horse returned to my mind. Nuri generously begged me to roam as I pleased with Marzuki among the clans, to see all the horses and meet their owners.

Hostility Between the Tribes

Although I had been with the Ruala three weeks, I had not yet bought any of their horses. The animals I had seen were undernourished and undersized; their legs and hoofs, abused; and their coats of shaggy hair, coarse and unkempt. One could see, however, that in spite of their rough exterior, these animals were well proportioned, and they were possessed of great endurance.

Marzuki felt very disappointed because I could not see quality in any of these small, emaciated Bedouin horses. Calmly he told me that I would learn more by observation and that because of my youth I would need much experience.

In contrast to me, Marzuki had been very fortunate. A family in Damascus had commissioned Marzuki to purchase

several thousand camels among the Ruala. I roamed around with my companion while he bought camels. Marzuki always paid in gold or in provisions. Nuri—as chief of the Ruala—received one gold pound in commission for every six camels.

After we had returned to Nuri's camp, a party of Ruala fighters rode to the chief's tent with Nauaf at their head. Among Nauaf's men was my friend Rashayd ibn Whafa.

From the days of old the Ruala had peacefully traded with Jauf, an oasis at the southeastern end of the wide, fertile depression of the Wadi Sirhan. During the last two years the Ibn Rashids, the ruling princes of the Shammar tribes, hereditary enemies of the Ruala, had subjugated Jauf and the greater part of inner Arabia; whereupon Jauf became the objective of long and bitter fighting between the two tribes.

Bedouins draw a very distinctive line between a ghazu (raid) and harb (a war expedition). They have an ancient, chivalrous code of raiding which allows them to drive off a number of camels and horses from their enemies—without shedding blood, if possible.

But the princes of the Shammar tribes, in contrast to those of the Ruala, carried war and destruction into the tents of the Ruala, causing wanton murder among the innocent.

Skirmish in the Desert

Marzuki was already talking about our return to Damascus when an unforeseen disaster upset all our plans.

It happened during our visit in Rashayd's camp, as we were taking our repast with him. Seizing his darbil (binoculars) he gazed for a long time at the horizon. Suddenly, without a word to us, Rashayd rushed to the entrance of our tent, and began to signal some nearby women with the long sleeves of his zob (garment). By gesture the women conveyed the message that all horses and camels must be brought in. In a flash the whole camp came to life. Young boys, girls, and women unhobbled the mares and rode out to the nearest hills to call the armed guards and herdsmen in the pastures.

The cause of all this excitement was a scouting party of Nauaf's approaching the camp. Rashayd mounted, his mare and galloped out to meet them. They and their horses were in an utterly exhausted condition. One mare was blood-spattered from her halter to her girth. These few men and their horses were the remnants of one of the scouting parties. Originally twenty-three men, they had been reconnoitering in the Hamad, east of our camp, and

there a large group of Ibn Rashid's Shammar Bedouins had ambushed and wantonly killed nineteen of them.

Within the hour Rashayd had assembled over two hundred and fifty race camels and almost a hundred mares. The riders waited in front of our tent with carbines in hand, cartridge belts across their shoulders and daggers in their sashes. Lightly they swung into their saddles, and Rashayd himself took command.

For a long time I had desired to ride on a ghazu with the Ruala, but Marzuki always warned me of the hardships and dangers. Now Marzuki consented to my going on this foray against the Shammar.

I Go on a Raid

Our camel troop was lightly provisioned except for water. Rashayd's plan was to overtake the Shammar as quickly as we could by riding our camels and leading the horses. Only for the final attack upon the enemy would our mares be mounted.

To my surprise, Rashayd tied Wudiyeh to his race camel and asked me to take Ghazal along, though the Bedouins seldom used stallions on a raid.

Rashayd expected that we would be gone a week or two at the most. But even a seasoned raider like Rashayd could err. Leaving in such extreme haste, my farewell to Marzuki was very brief. "Thy journey will be an arduous one," Marzuki said. "This journey will free thy spirit," he continued. "Take care of the fawn of the desert." He laid his hand on Ghazal and kissed him. Then he wandered over to Wudiyeh, and threw one fold of his shepherd's coat over his shoulder and at the same time over the head of Wudiyeh, as a lover would do taking farewell of his bride. "The Bedouins, and all whom the wind claws," I heard him say in his gentle voice to Wudiyeh. She watched him softly with a quiet wisdom, and Marzuki repeated, "The Bedouins, and all upon whom the wind blows."

Our troop rode after dark until we reached a long chain of small rain pools. Here an intense surprise came to us. The men, rearranging their riding gear and waterskins, discovered in one of the saddlebags the princely son of their master, nine year old Fuaz, curled up and sound asleep.

Rashayd wanted the boy taken home by a camel rider, but Fuaz pleaded so earnestly that the heart of the freebooter was softened. I gave Rashayd a solemn promise to look after the child as if he were my own son.

Rashayd began to separate our best horses from the dhalals. He planned to lure the Shammar into an ambush.

Joining our men on horseback, I rode out with them to entice the Shammar to follow us into Wadi Khadaf. Here the slope touched the dry river bed to form a cove, and the slope provided an elevated position from which to scan the wadi and the plain.

We had left this protected place towards noon and scouted carefully about for more than an hour, when very suddenly we plunged right into the thick of an overwhelming force of mounted Shammar. We turned at once, but our enemies were so close that many jumped off their camels and horses and began firing at us from the ground.

By some strange accident a bullet tore off the rope of Ghazal's headstall in my hand. Only a small piece, less than a foot remained, and I had to guide the horse with my legs and by word of mouth.

I felt Ghazal quiver under me with the effort for greater speed. Flecks of foam gathered on his muzzle, and beads of sweat trembled on his coat as he fought his way uphill, fetlock deep in sand. A pungent odor rose from him, the scent of the fighting stallion. The pursuers were gaining on us. Through the wave of another dune Ghazal lunged forward. . . . Then, a sudden false step, and we went down.

I was thrown unhurt, ahead of Ghazal, while our horsemen thundered by. I scrambled to my feet, helped Ghazal to rise, and mounted him again. We entered a gravel plain. Swifter and longer grew Ghazal's stride, thundering along on sure hoofs—turning the dry grass beneath to dust.

Completely unaware, the Shammar rode directly into the gunfire of our men, and realizing that any resistance would be useless, they surrendered, one after another. Eagerly I scanned the horses of the enemy as they were led away by our men, hoping to find a perfect specimen, but not one of their animals was finer than those of the Ruala.

Two of the Shammar, riding far to the rear, turned back before the troop closed upon them. Soon the full force of the Shammar very unexpectedly began their attack upon us.

It was not long before fifty or more of the most daring riders had passed alive through our fire to reach the wadi on the opposite bank. Sliding off their dhaluls, they took sheltered positions from which they sniped away at our men.

At once Rashayd called our horsemen together, and with at least half their number we dashed along the ravine to a spot high above the invading Shammar, riding through their firing line, up to the rising ground.

Eleven of our own men and nine

mares lay dead already. Many injured were struggling in the plain below.

A bullet struck my shoulder and knocked me from Ghazal's back to the ground, spraining my leg in the tumble. But in his wild dash Ghazal had already carried me safely out of reach of the enemy. I lay helpless for quite awhile, unable to move. At first I felt pain only slightly, but soon with a burning intensity under my right shoulder blade.

Ghazal stood patiently at my side waiting for me to rise.

"U'a, u'a, u'a," I called to him. His flanks quivered and a loud squeal rent the air. He was frightened. He had smelled the blood of my wound. His head sought the ground, and I felt the caress of his nostrils and the play of his warm breath. I stroked his forehead. Whimpering, he backed away from me, but my groping hand followed, and held him on the halter rope.

Ghazal Saves a Life

"Na'm—lie down," I commanded. "Na'm, na'm," I repeated.

He turned around obediently and lay down. With painful effort I pulled myself across his withers and ordered him to rise, while I clung firmly to his mane to keep from sliding off. My left hand was braced on the upper part of his near foreleg. Restrained by my voice, he ventured forward very slowly.

We had covered half the distance to the edge of the plateau when Ghazal took a sudden step aside and snorted with fright. Until now all my thoughts had been concentrated upon keeping my balance. I had paid no attention to what was happening around me. But on approaching this higher point of the slope, Ghazal and I had again come into full view of the enemy below. Bullets whirled into the soil before us; others glanced away with a faint metallic twang.

"Irkud—run!" I cried to Ghazal, and with my hands I urged him forward.

Of a sudden Ghazal stumbled and gave a queer cry of pain.

I knew that he had been wounded. For the second time he faltered and bounded again. Thrusting himself forward, he began to run.

Then I lost my balance and slipped over his back to the earth. My hands broke the force of my fall, and I saw men run toward me. I was picked up and carried to a shelter on the heights above.

By the greatest luck Ghazal and I had escaped the slaughter, though both of us had been badly injured.

Fuaz impatiently waited to come to our plateau after the skirmish was over. With the help of one of the slaves he found me and appeared very much hurt that I had left him in the lurch—

as he called it—and ridden off alone without him. Not a word of pity came from his lips as he watched the slaves extract the bullet from my shoulder.

Mnahi, the giant Negro who was the chief slave of Nuri's bodyguard, was chewing a good-sized lump of dry bread. He took it from his mouth, broke off a piece, and asked the young prince to help him masticate it. "This will loosen your healing spittle instead of your resentful tongue," Mnahi said to the sulking boy.

Fuaz only looked at him with great, telling eyes and began to chew the bread. After the bullet had been removed from under my shoulder blade, Mnahi took the bread and spread the soft mass over the wound in my back. He bandaged me cleverly, keeping the bread plaster in its place. This Bedouin method of treating an injury was believed to possess great healing power and to prevent any inflammation.

I inquired about Rashayd and Ghazal and Wudiyeh.

"Wudiyeh," one of the slaves said, "is dying, and Ghazal is so badly injured that he will not rise again."

I begged Mnahi and another slave to carry me to Ghazal. He was resting under a clump of bushes at the rim of the wadi. To our great relief, we found him standing on his feet although he favored his near foreleg and could not use it. A bullet had left a deep injury about a hand-wide above his foreleg. Mnahi looked at it and thought it would heal naturally if the nerve of the leg could be saved. He prepared a splint and tied up the injured leg in such fashion that it would not have to rest on its hoof.

Ghazal watched us quietly while Mnahi treated him. I stroked his forelock and straightened his mane. I laid my hand upon his shoulder until I felt his muscles relax and become supple again. The nervous tension was over.

When Mnahi had finished, he took my arm and gently led me over to Wudiyeh.

We found her lying on the ground. The sand around her was damp with blood. A clod of earth stuffed into a terrible gash in her ribs had stopped the flow of blood.

With the support of our slaves, I bent down to her and lifted her face to my own. She was in agony and looked at me with broken eyes.

A bullet would have been merciful and would have saved her further anguish. That, however, was for Rashayd to decide.

We went next to see him and found him surrounded by a group of camel riders. Rashayd had also been injured. His right hand was completely shattered. To make it insensible to pain, a

slave tightened his arm with a cord above his wrist, and Mnahi made ready to amputate the mutilated hand.

Half-jokingly, Rashayd scolded me for having followed him on this ride to the plateau, but at the same time he assured me that I would recover quickly from my injury.

Anxiously I broke in upon Rashayd's talk, asking him what should be done for Wudiyeh.

He would look after her, he promised.

Mnahi returned with a baking iron and camel fat. The tallow melted quickly over a blazing fire. Then Mnahi drew his sword, while another man held Rashayd's arm.

All the time, Rashayd was holding his old spy glass in his uninjured hand. He had just discovered forty camels at the steep sand walls below, and indifferent to his own pain and the imminent operation, asked those around him to capture them.

Mnahi impatiently asked the master if he could proceed to cut his hand off.

Rashayd forced a smile upon his face and said, "Indeed, take my burden away."

With one stroke the gallant leader's hand was severed. Immediately, the slave who supported the arm plunged the mutilated stump into the boiling fat. This was too much even for Rashayd; he fainted.

During these critical moments the Shammar attacked us again but were easily repulsed by our men from well-prepared defenses. The assault was already over when Rashayd recovered his senses.

I had asked to go back to Wudiyeh. She lifted her head from the ground as the slaves and I approached. The poor emaciated animal was almost spent and had broken out into a terrible sweat—her nostrils dripping and the breath flying from her.

This must be the end, I thought, and I begged Fuaz to run for Rashayd.

Rashayd arrived with his slaves and the boy prince.

Wudiyeh opened her eyes and whinnied to her master with bloodstained lips; she made no effort to rise. Rashayd bent down. He looked as worn and gaunt as his horse.

"Thou' hast carried my life," he said to her.

He touched her lean shanks, felt the wound. "When the morning sun toucheth the east, if Wudiyeh still liveth, she will remain with us," he said.

"Ishrabu — drink," Rashayd tried gently to persuade Wudiyeh to take the camel milk Fuaz had earlier brought her. I held the bowl as Rashayd coaxed her with soft words. This time she sniffed at the bowl and slowly emptied it.

"Wallah," cried Rashayd, and we all spoke encouragingly to Wudiyeh.

In the meantime three chiefs of the Shammar had arrived under a flag of truce with a suggestion of terms for an honorable peace. They proposed that we send our prisoners to our allies, the Amarat tribe, on the Euphrates River until conditions for their release could be arranged. Rashayd agreed.

That night the ceremony around the steaming coffee-pots had a special meaning, for once more there was good feeling, and all night the Ruala gossiped with their enemies. The Shammar were surprised to see Fuaz, the grandson of their formidable foe, Nuri Sha'lan, among us. While they sucked the marrow from the camel bones, they threw covetous glances at our little prince. What a prize he would have brought—Nuri's pet! Taking all his good manners in rein, the Akid of the Shammar expressed his surprise and embarrassment to find the young Sha'lan had been with us on the raid. He asked Fuaz pardon that the Shammar had so inconvenienced a grandson of Nuri.

The courtesy of the Shammari was too magnificent.

"We would not have defied thee, O Amir, had we known of thy venturing into this wild land with so many brave

feverish, she drank milk again. And because Rashayd's heart was sad and burdened with pain, he told me Wudiyeh's story.

"The long-maned one with the swift pace, the destroyer of raiders, was a gift of my father at his death. I kept her in his memory. A mist covers my eyes when I remember how my beloved walked with such light yet strong strides and with such grace, and, oh, the depth of her eyes."

Could the speaker be that hardened warrior we all knew, the veteran of many a cruel raid?

His thoughts flowed on. "Wudiyeh, my shy antelope with the blue hair. Together, we were never alone and never afraid. Now is thy path sprinkled with the dew of thy blood. Thou art pasturing under the shadow of death. The thunder of thy hoofs hath died, but the echo soundeth in my heart."

For nine days, Wudiyeh's life hung in the balance. On the tenth day, however, when she passed the crisis, there was great rejoicing, and Rashayd said to me, "God has turned her from the snares of death."

Ghazal Goes Home

Wudiyeh's and Ghazal's injuries were healing rapidly now.

One evening, as I was taking Alia and Ghazal to a rain pool for water, a long train of at least three thousand camels trailed along the ridge of a nearby hill. Herdsmen and armed guards, on foot and on horses, tended to the flocks.

These people, we heard, were of Tudmur (Palmyra). They had bought the great flock from the Wuld Ali tribe, now pasturing with the Ruala. I rode over to inquire about Sheykh Ammer from whose pastures these camels had been brought.

One of the armed guards, a Negro on horseback with his dog following him, left the flock and, yelling at the top of his lungs, raced over to us.

Ghazal reared and pulled on his rope, which slipped from the girth of Alia, for, Bedouin fashion, it was only tucked in. Before I could slide down from my camel to hold on to Ghazal, he bolted away toward the rider.

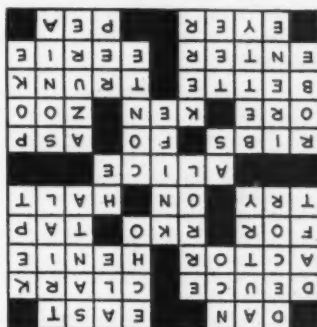
I watched the Negro dismount, throw his arms around Ghazal's neck, kissing his eyes and forehead, while Ghazal neighed his delight.

The Negro, one of Sheykh Ammer's old slaves, had for years taken care of Ghazal. I saw the fellow was crying and that Ghazal nuzzled the Negro's neck and shoulder.

"Thou art, then, Aziz," the Negro said to me. "I bring thee greetings from Sheykh Ammer, who left for Damascus many days ago."

That night I took leave of Ghazal.

Crossword Puzzle Answer



Sure, you can turn this upside down if you want to. But why peek and spoil your fun? Puzzle is on inside back cover of this issue.

men. We should rather have allowed thee to kill us and have made the journey a pleasant one."

The hypocrisy of the Shammari was also magnificent.

"O generous and prudent Shammari," answered Rashayd, "thou with the convoy of a thousand riders hast lent great interest to our wayfaring, and our hearts are appeased." Ah, this was a tournament of eloquence, an art vastly admired.

I stayed with Rashayd and Mnahi near Wudiyeh's side all night. Although

I had to accept the fact that he had been only a loan to me, not an outright gift. I recalled to the slave my promise to Sheykh Ammer in Egypt and asked him to ride directly to Damascus with the stallion. In that city he would return Ghazal to Sheykh Ammer and also inform my friend that I would be in Damascus within a few weeks.

We said farewell and I laid my hands upon Ghazal's forehead.

The pride of my life had gone. The wail of my heart sounded within me. "The night and my mare know me," says the Bedouin proverb. My heart knew that night, and Ghazal knew me.

The Gift of Wudiyeh

In the meantime our illicit operations in the cultivated land of Mesopotamia had become known to the Turks. Their commander at Dumeyr dispatched an emissary to Nuri's camp, looking for the responsible leader of our raiding party—Rashayd.

But Rashayd could not reconcile his conscience with the prospect of a Turkish dungeon. He lost no time in riding away to the south to assist Nauaf at Jauf. Before we parted, he offered Wudiyeh to me. It was his desire that I keep her and also the foal that she would bring into the world. I hesitated to accept so great a gift, but Fuaz and Mnabi persuaded me to accept Wudiyeh, and Rashayd urged me once more. "Fear not to take her. She will fill thy soul with splendor and consecrate our memories. Let her spirit stand amongst us forever," he said.

A week after his departure we received the tragic news that Rashayd was killed near Jauf.

Suddenly I felt a desire to leave Arabia. Almost a year had gone by since I had left Egypt. I consoled myself with the thought that at least I had migrated and raided with the Bedouins in their desert wilderness, and that I could claim that I knew their horses from having lived among them. But, alas, I had bought none of them.

The Ruala began to assemble in preparation for their great trek through the Hamad. Gladly I accepted Nuri's invitation to join them on their migration to the north, as this would bring me in a most leisurely fashion back to Damascus.

Nuri regretted that I had not found the horses I came into the desert to buy. I argued, I wanted him to understand that I had come with a definite purpose in my mind. I described to him the type I had seen in ancient Greek sculpture. His inconspicuous little horses, I admitted, had endurance and strength, but they all lacked the points which were essential to me and to the horse breeders in Europe and Egypt.

"The God of Majesty has raised our horses among us in the flesh," Nuri said. "Those images thou hast seen among the Rumi-Greeks—were made of stone and are heathenish. Perfection was with our forefathers in the desert and found favor with us. Hath not the hand of God made all these? And hath not God endowed our horses also with intelligence greater than that of any other creature?"

I agreed.

Nuri said nothing.

At the end of our journey, among the cultivated gardens and the mud walls of Damascus we rode up to the pale blue gate of an old adobe house. Tall poplars shaded the flat roof; a primitive mosque with spindly leaning minaret adjoined the house.

We entered the great inner court and, as we rode into it on our tall camels, like true chieftains of the desert, a robed man walked toward us. He was frail with a pointed beard and a thin face.

It was Marzuki! In an instant I was out of Alia's saddle, my arms thrown around my friend.

Nuri's weathered face was puckish with good humor when he joined us. He bade me follow him and Marzuki. Entering a second yard, we faced an open stable. Marzuki's nephew and two other men greeted us. Twenty horses stood about in the enclosure along the wall. They were magnificent, well-groomed animals with glistening coats, well fed and in perfect condition.

I was aghast!

End of the Quest

The truth slowly dawned upon my mind. The shock of the beauty of these creatures was followed by the realization that they had once been the same poor, shabby, disheveled horses which I, in my ignorance, had discarded in Nuri's camp and among the tribes of the inner desert. Here were the creatures in whom strength and beauty blended in perfection, whose proud carriage and handsome shape were indeed like that of the sculptured Greek horses of Phidias. Their eyes flashed with fiery light, their nostrils flared defiance, they tossed their heads upon lofty necks.

I was silenced before the beauty of this sight. Defeated and helpless I looked at Nuri. Amused, he watched me, funny little wrinkles creasing his face.

"I have been deeply concerned with thy vain search among us for good horses," he said. "When I noticed that thou couldst not find a single horse fit to purchase from our tribe, I allied my faith with thy mission in the desert. I asked Marzuki to bring my own horses with him to Damascus while thou wast engaged far away on the great raid. Thy

grief be dispelled; success shall grow from the ground like grass under thy feet. Where now are the blemishes of our horses? Faded as by the breath of the sun!"

I felt humiliated in my blindness but at the same time so overjoyed that for the moment I could not answer. When I at last found words to speak and rebuke myself for my ignorance, Nuri said very gently, "Let us thank God for His cheerful gift of such animals to us."

One by one Nuri's horses were led out into the green meadow. They challenged me; they looked defiantly at me who had denied them in the wilderness. Indeed, they were like the horses of Thessaly. They were the creatures of my quest.

I thought of Ghazal, who with proper care and feeding would have looked just as magnificent. I realized that I had possessed all the time the antique horse but had never recognized it. To Nuri I confessed my feelings. "Ghazal," I said, "was indeed the horse I was looking for and a companion to me from God. He was as beautiful as any of thine . . ."

"To expiate thy mistakes," Nuri interrupted me, "Sheykh Ammer has contrived to assail thy heart with gladness and joy."

Concealing further words under his tongue, Nuri took my arm and walked with me to the garden back of the yard and stables. I heard a gentle neigh. My feet stopped, for I knew this voice.

"Oh, God, let it be Ghazal!" I cried.

I rushed forward. My eyes beheld a horse—a golden chestnut with a star on his forehead, and four white feet! "Ghazal," I cried, moving closer to him. He tossed his head eagerly, reached toward me to bury his nostrils into my left armpit and inhaled deeply. It was the old gesture of love and a sign of his surrender.

Tingling with excitement and happiness, I touched his muzzle and his forehead. It was the same muzzle and the same forehead of my beloved Ghazal, but it seemed a new Ghazal, a shining, perfect, beautiful one—well-groomed and fed, noble and handsome, proud and virile. I stroked his mane, his powerful neck, his broad, golden back, felt his muscles and tried to press my hand into the rock-rounded flesh of his croup. I raised an armful of the luxuriant, silky hair of his tail and held it against my cheek. The sense of his beauty and perfection stirred in me a profound emotion—a love compounded of happiness and pain. It made me hope, suddenly and deeply, that in a life beyond life there might be Ghazal. I had no doubt that I had found the horse of my quest.

1. *Term for stage of movie setting.
2. *Movie cowboy star Gene _____
3. Non-commissioned officer (abbrev.).
4. Reply to one's own voice.
5. Drink made from malt.
6. *Edmund Gwenn in *Miracle on 34th Street*.
7. Silly.
8. Experiment.
9. *Screen lover _____ Flynn.
11. Retained.
16. Cutting tool.
20. Male pronoun.
21. Because.
22. *New movie star Richard _____
23. Garment.
24. *Famous for her portrayal of "Mama" is _____ Dunne.
25. *Mrs. Harry James is _____ Grable.
27. Sky-blue.
28. *Movie skating star's first name (see 13 Across).
29. Prod.
31. *England gave us Deborah _____
34. Golfing aid.
36. Abbrev. for Representative.

Chucklebait



A FAVORITE story that will make the rounds on the twelfth day of February is the one about the merchant in Springfield, Ill., back in the days of the frontier. Seems this fellow tacked up a sign in front of his store reading "Boy Wanted." Later that day a lanky youth entered the store and applied for the job.

"I just came up from Kentucky," explained the young fellow. "I've been helping my father split rails down there. I taught myself to read and write in front of the fireplace. Now I'd like to get a job here in Illinois, work real hard, and maybe some day I'll be President."

"What's your name?" the merchant asked.

"Abe," the youth replied.

"What's your last name?"

"Humperdinck."

Old? Sure; at least half a century. But see how many times this chestnut gets roasted on Lincoln's birthday.

Remember the Alamo?

Now, with a courtly bow to the South, we tell the patriotic story about the Yankee salesman who turned up in a little Texas town. Lolling on the hotel porch one blistering afternoon, he heard one of the natives boast casually about the heroes of the Alamo who, it seems, almost alone, held off whole armies.

The Texan turned to the Yankee and drawled a challenge: "I'll bet you never had anybody so brave around Boston."

The Yankee picked up the gauntlet, shifted in his chair, and asked, "Did you ever hear of Paul Revere?"

"Paul Revere?" the Texan sneered. "Say, isn't he the guy who ran for help?"

On the subject of sectional rivalry there is also the one about the Middle-western farmer who struck it rich, retired, and came East to see the sights. He traveled up to Niagara Falls, hired a guide, and set out to have a look for himself. The guide tried real hard to impress the visitor. The visitor tried real hard to pretend nonchalance.



"Grand?" the guide said, sweeping his arm majestically as the falls came into view.

The tourist kept mum.

"Millions of gallons a minute," the guide continued, doing the business with the arm again.

The visitor cleared his throat.

"Billions and billions of gallons a day," the guide went on, still enthusiastic.

The visitor yawned. "Runs all night too, I suppose."

There's a story turning up about Pablo Picasso, the modernist painter who is the grandpappy of the "maybe-it's-art-but-what-is-it?" school. A friend dropped into Picasso's studio. He found the maestro standing before his easel in great distress, chewing away at the end of a brush. On the easel was a huge canvas covered with a confused mass of angles, crossed lines, and assorted geometry, trigonometry, and atomic nuclei.

"What's the trouble?" the friend asked solicitously.

Picasso answered irritably, "The nose is wrong. I want to change it."

The friend looked at the picture, shrugged his shoulders, and asked, "Well, why don't you?"

"Because," cried Picasso petulantly, "I can't find it."

Bookworm's Burrow

Oscar Levant once visited the office of a movie executive who had filled his bookshelves with a stock of imposing volumes that had been selected only for their size, color scheme, and expensive bindings. They made the office look impressively intellectual.

The executive was out and Levant had to wait. He picked up one of the books. It was titled *The History of Western Civilization*. The highbrow tome had never been opened before. The pages were still uncut, the way they are in expensive volumes printed on hand-made paper.

Quoth Levant: "Good. As long as he's not going to know anything, he might as well not know anything about something highbrow."

Whoosis Dunit

Uncut pages make us think of the fellow who starts a story and then quickly flips the pages to have a look at the end of the yarn, to see how the plot turns out. Spoils the fun. Reminds us of the American visitor to London who was told that the only way to get good service was to tip generously. One evening he went to see a mystery film.

The movie theatre was crowded, the feature was about to start, and the American had no seat. Sensing a lavish tip, an usher escorted the American to a choice seat. Since the lights were out, the American thought he could skin by with a tip of two U.S. pennies. But the usher flicked on his flash light (torch to our cousins in England), and glanced at the coins. Then he leaned over and whispered, "The butler is the murderer."

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